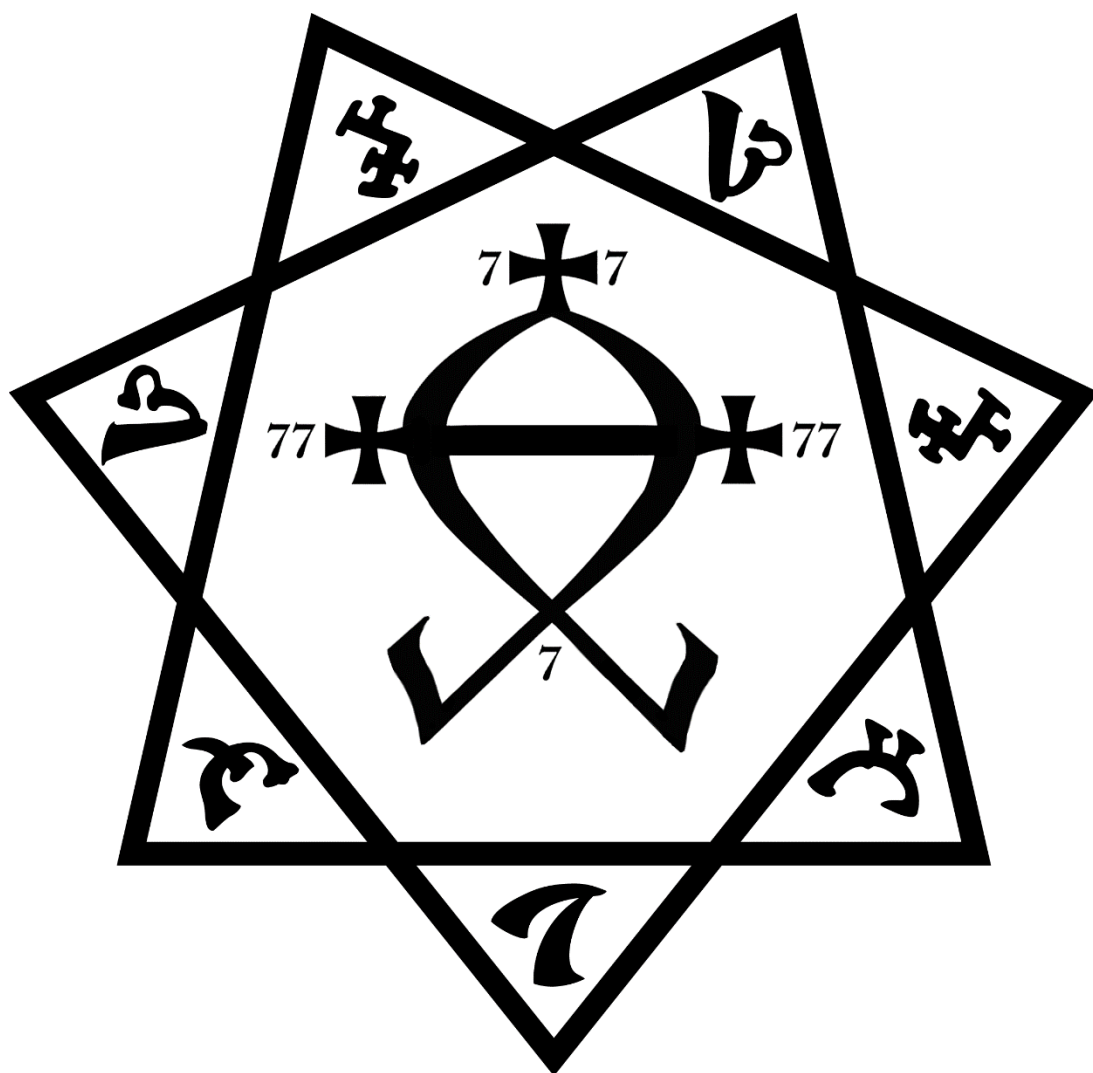


The Vision and the Voice

being of the *Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs*

(Mexico, 1900 and Algeria, 1909)

As delivered to Perdurabo and O.V.

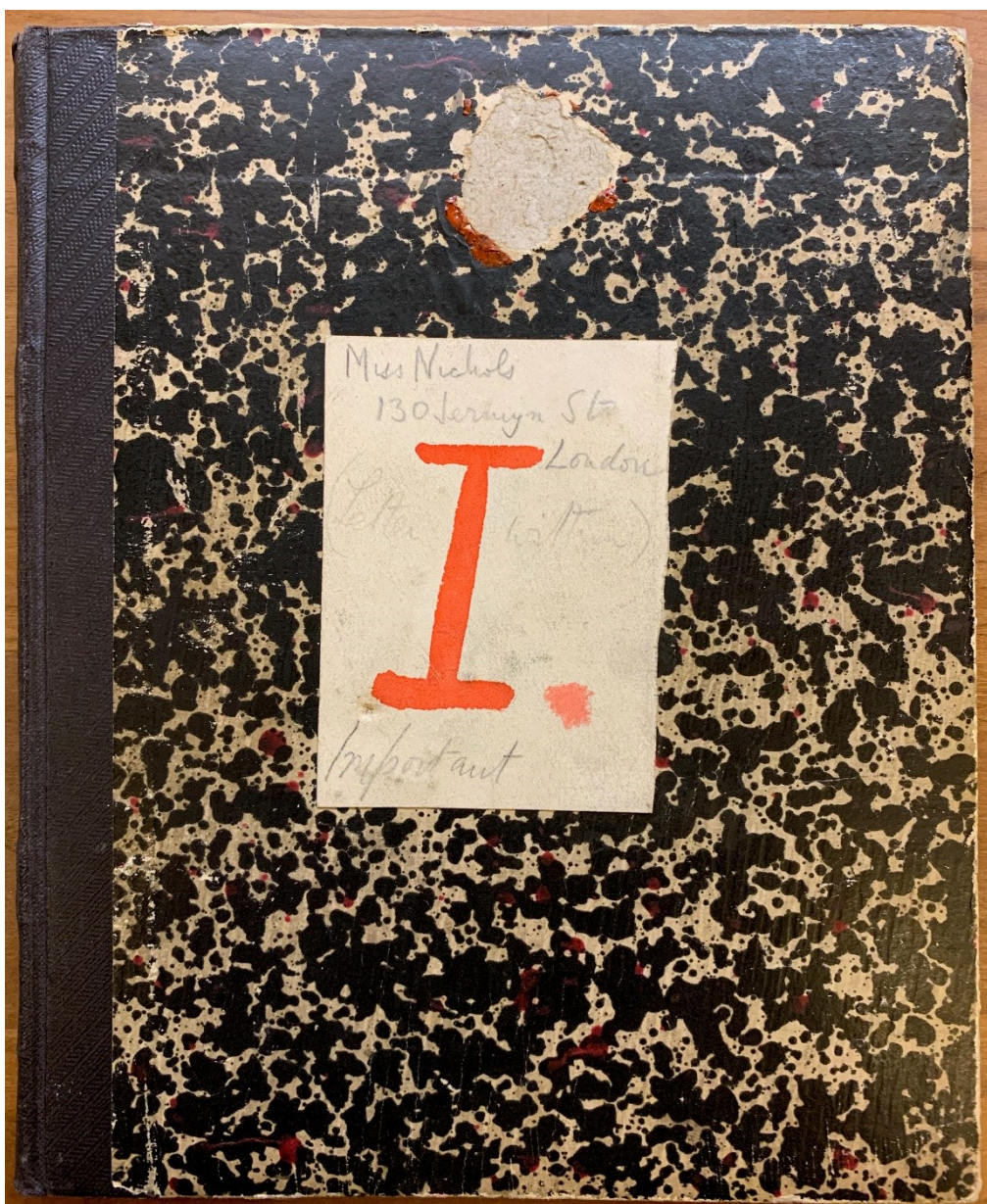


IN NOMINE BABALON





A.:A.:
Publication in Class A.



The Vision and the Voice

Liber CDXVIII

(being the actual notebooks of
the Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs)

Volume I: A Booke (30th, 29th, & miscellany)
and Notebook I (28th to 19th Æthyrs)

Double struck text (~~example~~) is crossed out in the manuscript, but included on the typescript.
Slashed-out text (example) is indicative of another type of edit to the manuscript that is not a simple crossout and replace.

Greyed out text (example) is pencil additions, overwrites, etc. or a correction in a different ink or writing tool than the original version.

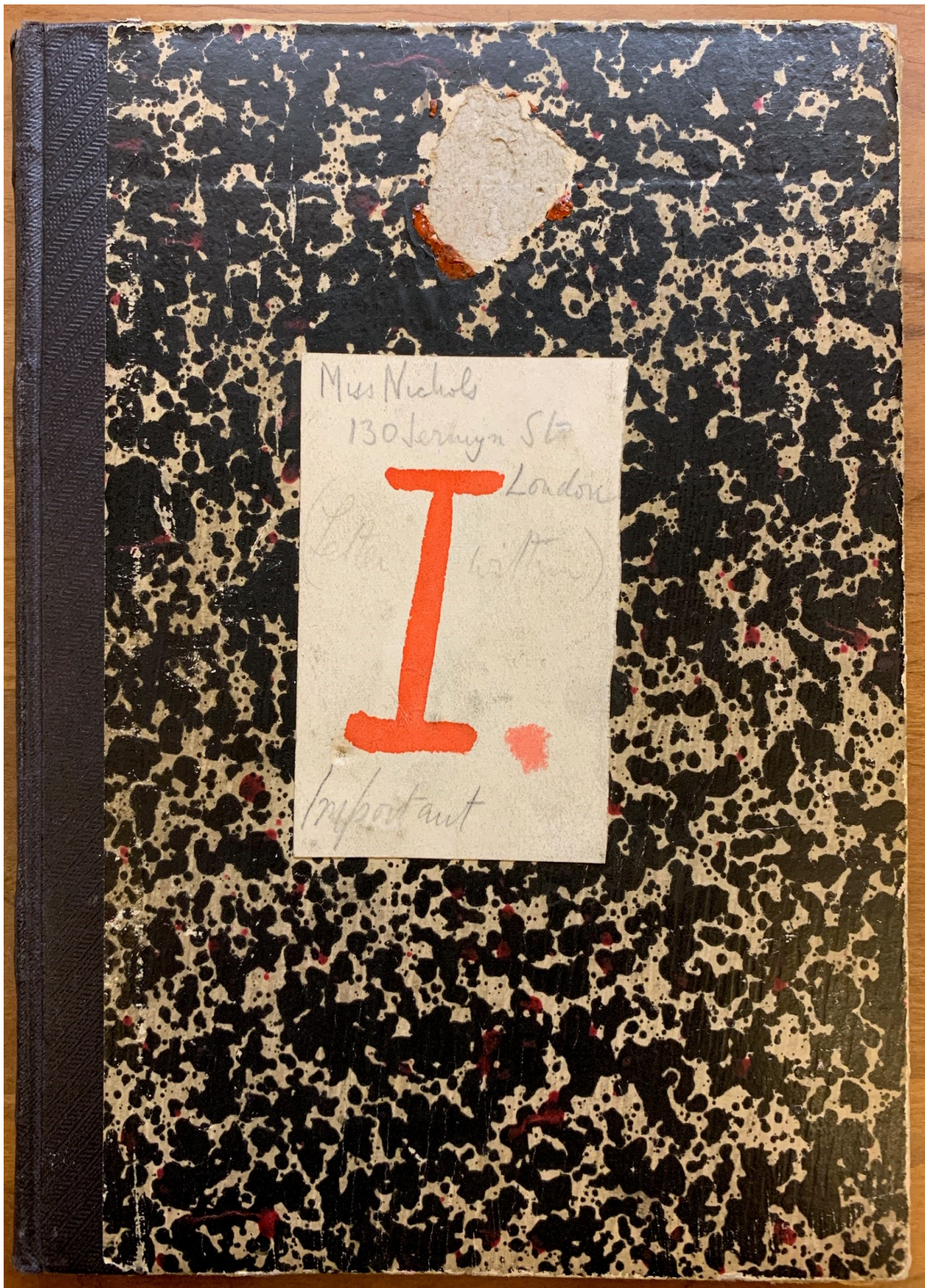
It is advisable to consult the source notebook page in these instances.

Note the Enochian Governors list at the start of this document have slight differences from those given in the Equinox; again – consult the source, Dee, the Equinox, and the Tables themselves and let the Aethyrs be your guide. In particular, the discrepancies with six versus seven letters bear attention.

This is not something to edit one way or the other – it is truly a document of our heritage.

IN NOMINE BABALON





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~~17/ a Sigmorf
b Cydropt
c Tocarzi
18/ a Nabasomi
b Zafasai
c Lalpamb
19/ a Torzoxi
b Abarion
c Omagrap
20/ a Zildron
b Parzika
c Lotocan
21/ a Chirspa
b Loantom
c Tixpalg
22/ a Ogidaia
b Calzirg
c Pondamb
23/ a Onizimp
b Zaxanin
c Orcamir
24/ a Chialps
b Soas
c Mitzind~~

25/ a Obvours
b Rangkam
c Popkand
26/ a Nigrana
b Baschim
c Saziami
27/ a Mathula
b Orpanib
28/ a Latnixp
c Focisni
29/ a Oxlopar
b Vastrim
30/ a Odraxti
b Gomziam
c Lavagla
31/ a Gemnimb
b Advorpt
c Dozinal

¹/_a OCCODON
²/_a Paxcomb
³/_a Valgars
⁴/_a Doagnis
⁵/_a Pacasna
⁶/_a Dialiva
⁷/_a Samaph
⁸/_a Virochi
⁹/_a Andispi
¹⁰/_a Trotanf
¹¹/_a Axziarg
¹²/_a Pothnir
¹³/_a Lazdixi
¹⁴/_a Nocamal
¹⁵/_a Iarfax
¹⁶/_a Saxtomp
¹⁷/_a Vavaamp
¹⁸/_a Firzird
¹⁹/_a Obmacas
²⁰/_a Genadol
²¹/_a Aspiaon
²²/_a Lainfres
²³/_a Lodhaon
²⁴/_a Pristac

⁹/_a Oddiorg
¹⁰/_a Cralpir
¹¹/_a Doanzin
¹²/_a Lexarph
¹³/_a Comanan
¹⁴/_a Tabitoin
¹⁵/_a Molpand
¹⁶/_a Vsnarda
¹⁷/_a Ponodol
¹⁸/_a Tepamal
¹⁹/_a Gedoons
²⁰/_a Ambriol
²¹/_a Geccaond
²²/_a Laparin
²³/_a Docefax
²⁴/_a Tedband
²⁵/_a Vivipos
²⁶/_a Ooanamb
²⁷/_a Takando
²⁸/_a Noeiabi
²⁹/_a Lastoxo
³⁰/_a Cucarpt
³¹/_a Lavacon
³²/_a Soekial

1/a OCCODON

b Paxcomb

c Valgars

2/a Doagnis

b Pacasna

c Dialiva

3/a Samaph

b Virochi

c Andispi

4/a Thotanf

b Axziarg

c Pothnir

5/a Lazdixi

b Nocamal

c Tiarpax

6/a Saxtomp

b Vamaamp

c Zirizird

7/a Obmacas

b Genadol

c Aspiaon

8/a Zamfres

b Todnaon

c Pristac

9/a Oddiarg

b Cralpir

c Doanzin

10/a Lexarph

b Comanan

c Tabitom

11/a Molpand

b Vsnarda

c Ponodol

12/a Tapamal

b Gedoons

c Ambriol

13/a Gecaond

b Laparin

c Docepax

14/a Tedoard

b Vivipos

c Ooaramb

15/a Tahando

b Nociabi

c Tastoxo

16/a Cucarpt

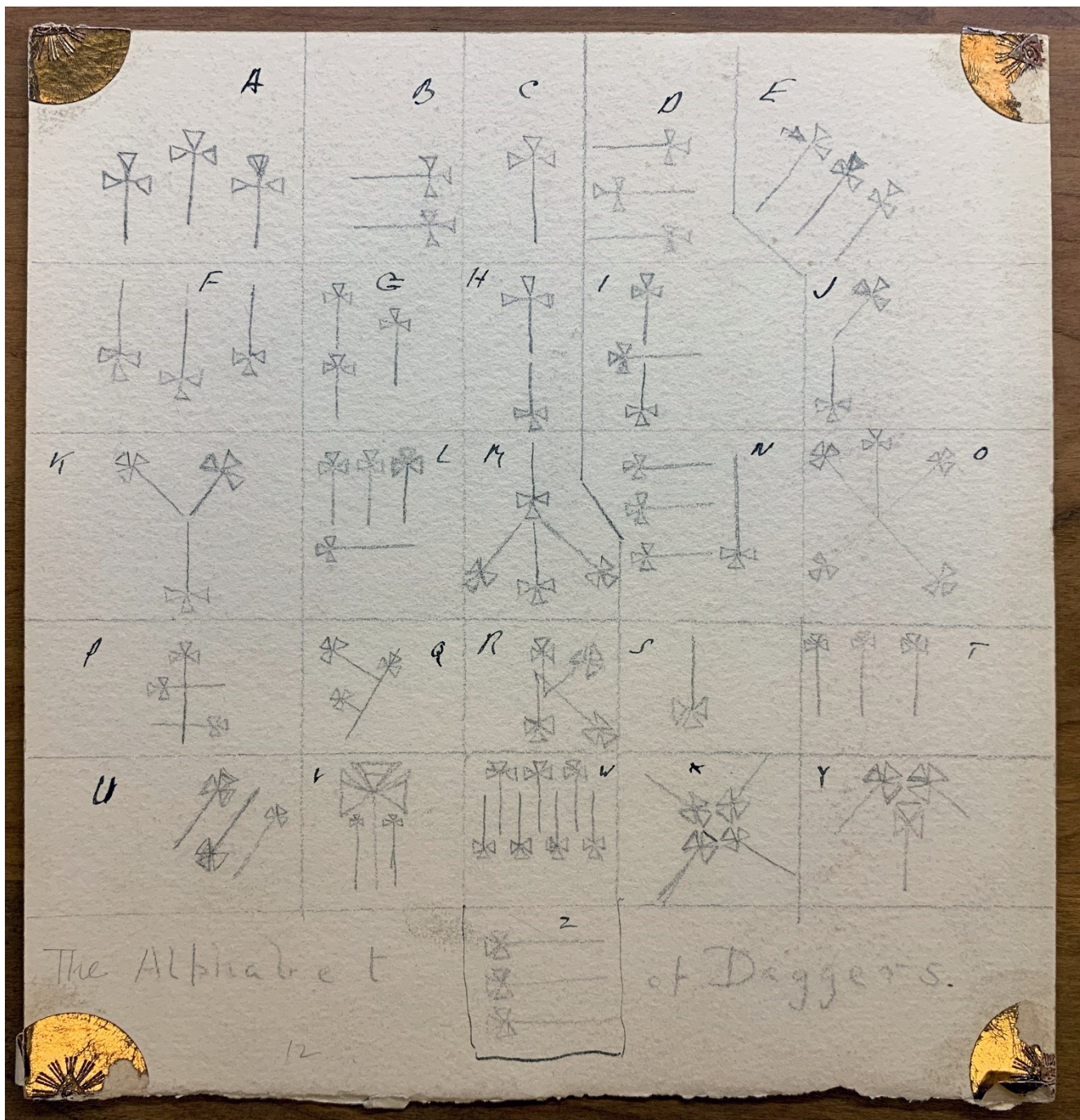
b Lavacon

c Sochial

17 a { Sigmorf
 b { Cydropt
 c { Tocarzi
 18 a { Nahadmi
 b { Zafasai
 c { Salpamb
 19 a { Torzoxi
 b { Abadion
 c { Omagrap
 20 a { Zildron
 b { Parziha
 c { Totocan
 21 a { Chirspa
 b { Joantom
 c { Dixpalg
 22 a { Ozidaia
 b { Paraoan
 c { Palzirg
 23 a { Pondamb
 b { Onzizimp
 c { Gatamin
 24 a { Orcamir
 b { Chialps
 c { Soagesel

25 a { Mirgina
 b { Obraors
 c { Ranglam
 26 a { Pophand
 b { Nigrana
 c { Bazchim
 27 a { Sadiami
 b { Mathula
 c { Orpanib
 28 a { Labnixp
 b { Foecisni
 c { Oxlopav
 29 a { Vastrim
 b { Odraxti
 c { Gomziam
 30 a { Taoagla
 b { Gemnimb
 c { Advopt
 d { Doginal

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| 17/a Sigmorf | 25/a Mirzina |
| b Aydropt | 26 b Obuaors |
| c Tocarzi | c Ranglam |
| 18/a Nabaomi | 26/a Pophand |
| b Zafasai | b Nigrana |
| c Yalpamb | c Bazchim |
| 19/a Torzoxi | 27/a Saziami |
| b Abaion | b Mathvla |
| c Omagrap | c Ovpanib |
| 20/a Zildron | 28/a Labnixp |
| b Parziha | b Focisni |
| c Totocan | c Oxlopar |
| 21/a Chirspa | 29/a Vastrim |
| b Toantom | b Odraxti |
| c Vixpalg | c Gomziam |
| 22/a Ozidaia | 30/a Taongla |
| b Paraoan | b Gemnimb |
| c Calzirg | c Advorpt |
| 23/a Ronoamb | d Dozinal |
| b Onzizimp | |
| c Zaxanin | |
| 24/a Orcamir | |
| b Chialps | |
| c Soageel | |



(Alphabet of Daggers, Fore)

$$\begin{array}{r}
 16000 \\
 14 \\
 \hline
 64000 \\
 16000 \\
 \hline
 224000 \\
 224000 \\
 11200 \\
 \hline
 560000
 \end{array}$$

N^o 3

4th Square



The only reason we go
 to make her any thing else
 is because we are in the
 same way like in the
 country
 If you can stay also in
 the same place you need not
 take any more

Now who always puts things in wrong place is that he really
 have the idea of being in
 right

Now who always ask foolish questions is that he never been
 right

Now who says have you got it

(Alphabet of Daggers, Reverse)

A Booke
contayninge
Sundry &
Diuer
Matters
Human & Diuine

A Booke
contayninge
Sundry &
Divers
Matters
Human & Divine

(Crowley, A.)
Works B

[Crowley, Aleister]
The vision
and the voice,
being the cries
of the thirty
Aethyrs

Arms III [337 pp.]

1909 November -
December

(Crowley, A)

Works B

[Crowley, Aleister]

The vision
and the voice,
being the cries
of the thirty
aethyrs

Ams ... [337 pp]

1909 November –
December

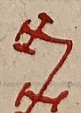
The Magician

6/15

The Vision and the Voice.

The cry of the thirtieth or
Inmost Aire or Aethyr.

175

I am in a vast crystal cube in
the form of the Great God Harpo-
crates. This cube is surrounded by
a sphere. About me are four
archangels in black robes, their
wings etc lined out in white
In the North is a book on whose
back & front are  EVT

Within it is written:




The Magician 6:5

The Vision and the Voice.

The cry of the thirtieth or
Inmost Aire or Æthyr.



I am in a vast crystal cube
in the form of the Great God Harpo-
crates. This cube is surrounded by
a sphere. About me are four
archangels in black robes, their
wings etc lined out in white.
In the North is a book on whose
back & front are 

Within it is written:

I AM, the surrounding of the
four.

Lift up your heads, O Houses
of Eternity: for my Father goeth
forth to judge the World. One
Light, let it become a thousand
& one sword ten thousand that
no man hide him from my Father's
eye in the ~~Last~~ Day of Judg-
ment of my God. Let the
Gods hide themselves. Let the
Angels be troubled & flee away:
for the Eye of My Father is open
& the Book of the Aeons is fallen.
Arise! Arise! Arise! Let the
Light of the Light of Time be
extinguished: let the Darkness
cover all things: for my Father
goeth forth to seek a spouse
to replace her who is fallen

I AM, the surrounding of the
four.

Lift up your heads, O Houses
of Eternity: for my Father goeth
forth to judge the World. One
Light, let it become a thousand
& one sword ten thousand that
no man hide him from my father's
eye in the ~~Last~~ Day of Judg-
ment of my God. Let the
Gods hide themselves: let the
Angels be troubled & flee away:
for the Eye of My Father is open
& the Book of the Æons is fallen.
Arise! Arise! Arise! Let the
Light of the Sight of Time be
extinguished: let the Darkness
cover all things: for my Father
goeth forth to seek a spouse
to replace her who is fallen

Alchemical?

Alchemical?

& defiled.

Seal the book with the seals
of the Stars Concealed: ~~for~~
~~the eye of my father is opened~~
for the Rivers have rushed
together & the Name "יהוה"
is broken in a thousand pieces
(against the Cubic Stone?)

Tremble ye, O Pillars of the
Universe, for Eternity is
in travail of a Terrible Child;
she shall bring forth an universe
of Darkness, whence shall
leap forth a spark that shall
put his father to flight.

The Obelisks are broken; the
Stars have rushed together:
the Light hath plunged into
the Abyss: the Heavens are
mixed with Hell.

& defiled.

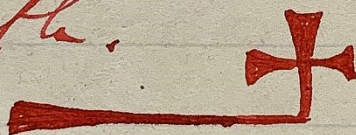
Seal the book with the seals
of the Stars Concealed: ~~for~~
~~the eye of my father is opened~~
for the Rivers have rushed
together & the Name יהוה
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(against the Cubic Stone. ?)

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leap forth a spark that shall
put his father to flight.

The Obelisks are broken; the
stars have rushed together:
the Light hath plunged into
the Abyss: the Heavens are
mixed with Hell.

My Father shall not hear their
Noise : his ears are closed : his
eyes are covered with the clouds
of Night.

The End ! the End ! the End !
For the Eye of Shiva He hath
opened : the Universe is
naked before Him : for the
Aeon of Saturn ~~is ended~~ leaneth
toward the Bosom of ~~Love~~.
Death.

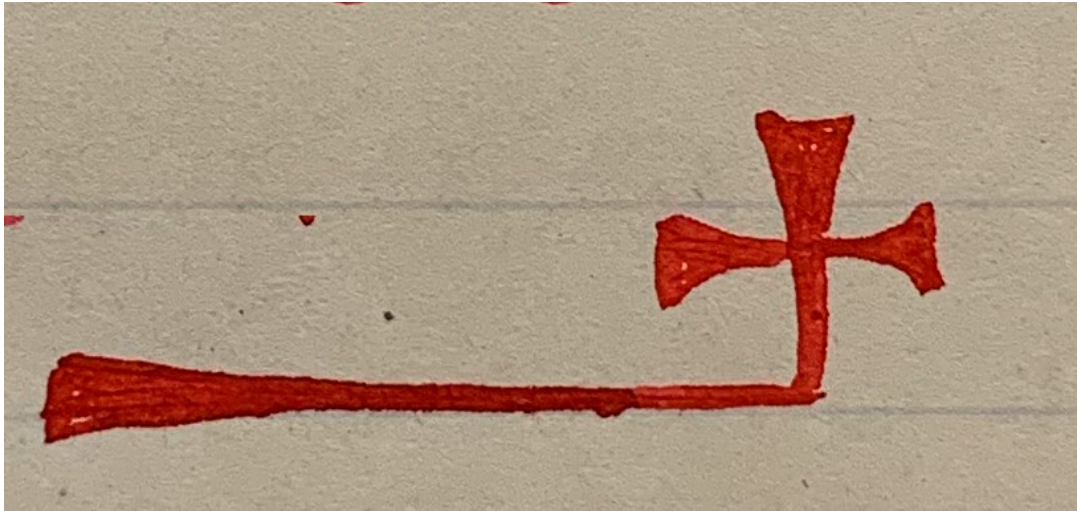


The Angel of the East hath a
book of red written in letters of
Blue **⌘ V A E ⌘** The Book
grows **⌘** before my eyes & filleth
the Whole Heaven.

Within : " It is Written, Thou shalt
not tempt the Lord thy God "

My Father shall not hear their
Noise: his ears are closed: his
eyes are covered with the clouds
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grows before my eyes & filleth
the Whole Heaven.

Within: "It is Written, Thou shalt
not tempt the Lord Thy God."

8 Y . . . ~ ~ ~ 8



I see above the Book ~~a~~ great
multitude of white-wheeled Ones
from whom droppeth a great
rain of Blood: but above them
is a Golden Sun, having an
Eye, whence a great Light.

I turned me to the South: and
read therein:

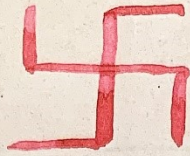
Seal up the Book! Speak not
that which thou seest &
reveal it unto none: for the
ear is not framed that shall
hear it: nor the tongue ~~so~~ that
can speak it!

O Lord God, blessed, blessed,
blessed be Thou for ever!

Thy Shadow is as great Light
Thy Name is as the Breath of Love
across all Worlds.

I see above the Book a ~~??~~ great
multitude of white-robed Ones
from whom droppeth a great
rain of Blood: but above them
is a Golden Sun, having an
Eye, whence a great Light.

I turned me to the South: and
read therein:
Seal up the Book! Speak not
that which thou seest &
reveal it unto none: for the
ear is not framed that shall
hear it: nor the tongue ~~sh~~ that
can speak it!
O Lord God, blessed, blessed,
blessed be Thou for ever!
Thy Shadow is as great Light.
Thy Name is as the Breath of Love
across all Worlds.



[Avast Svastika is shewn unto me
behind the Angel with the Book.]

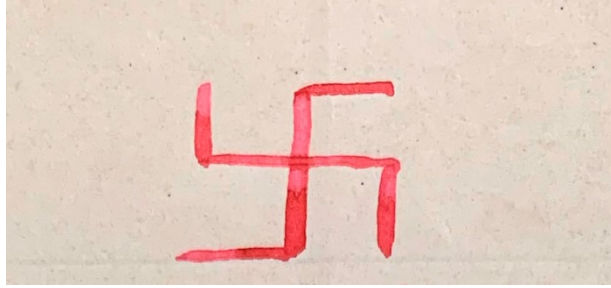
Reud your garments, o ye clouds!
Uncover yourselves! for the
Love of My Son!

Who are they that trouble thee?
Who are they that slew thee?

O Light! Come thou, who art
joined with me to bruise the
Dragon's Head. We, who are
wedded, & the Earth perceived
it not!

O that Our Bed were seen of
Men, that they might rejoice
in My Fertility: that My Sister
might partake of My Great
Light.

O Light of God, when wilt
thou find the heart of man —



[Avast Svastika is shewn unto me
behind the Angel with the Book.]

Rend your garments, o ye clouds!

Uncover yourselves! for the

Love of My Son!

Who are they that trouble thee?

Who are they that slew thee?

O Light! Come thou, who art

Joined with me to bruise the

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it not!

O that Our Bed were seen of

Men, that they might rejoice

in My Fertility: that My Sister

might partake of My Great

Light.

O Light of God, when wilt

thou find the heart of man –

write not! Would not that
men know the Sorrow of
my Heart, Amen!

Turned me to the west, and
the Archangel bore a flaming
Book, on which was written
ⲓⲁ Within was drawn
ⲛ a fiery scorpion, yet cold
withal.

Until the Book of the East
be opened!

Until the hour sound!

Until the Voice vibrate!

Until it pierce my Depth!

Look not on High!

Look not Beneath!

For thou wilt find a life which
is as Depth: ^{or} a Death which
should be infinite.

write not! I would not that
men know the Sorrow of
my Heart, Amen!

I turned me to the West, and
the Archangel bore a flaming
Book, on which was written



Within was drawn
a fiery scorpion, yet cold
withal.

Until the Book of the East
be opened!

Until the hour sound!

Until the Voice vibrate!

Until it pierce my Depth!

Look not on High!

Look not Beneath!

For thou wilt find a life which
is as Depth: or a Death which
should be infinite.

For thou art submitted to the
Four: Five thou shalt find,
but Seven is ~~far~~ & lone.

O Lord God, let Thy Spirit
hither unto me!

For I am lost in the night of
infinite pain: no hope: no God:
no resurrection: no end: / fall:
/ fear.

O Saviour of the World, bruise
Thou my Head with Thy foot
to save the world, that once again
I touch Him whom I slew, that
in my death I ~~feel the radiance~~
& the heat of the moving of
Thy Robes!

Let us alone! What have we
to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of
Nazareth?

For Thou art submitted to the
Four: Five thou shalt find,
but Seven is ~~far~~ & lone & far.

O Lord God, let Thy Spirit
hither unto me!

For I am lost in the night of
infinite pain: no hope: no God:
no resurrection: no end: I fall:
I fear.

O Saviour of the World, bruise
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Thy Robes!

Let us alone! What have we
to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of
Nazareth?

Note the correct Astrological
Symbolism of this passage

Nephtys - Earth.

Note the correct Astronomical
symbolism of this passage.

Nepythys – Earth

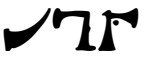
Go ! Go !
If I keep silence —
Or if I speak each word is
anguish without hope. —

And I heard the Aethyr cry
aloud "Return ! Return !
Return ! For the Work is
ended & the Book is shut
& let the glory be to God
the Blessed for ever in
the Aeons, Amen." Thus far
is the Voice of **IT**
and No More.

Go! Go!

If I keep silence—

Or if I speak each word is
anguish without hope.—

And I heard the Æthyr cry
aloud “Return! Return!
Return! For the Work is
ended & the Book is shut
& let the glory be to God
the Blessed for ever in
the Æons, Amen.” Thus far
is the voice of 
and No More.

36.
8 m^a = Day: he suffered: fish
But AN is in Hebrew Pain & is of
Adōm & Failure &c

(i.e. I formulate H.P.K. who has been replaced by)

(i.e. I formulate H.P.K. who hath replaced me)

220 is "the Fleet"

220 is “the Elect”

The Cry of the Twenty and
Ninth Aïre or Aethyr.

CZL.

The sky appears covered with stars of
gold, the background is of green.
But the impression is also of
darkness.

An immense eagle - angel is
before me. His wings seem to
hide all the Heaven.

He cried aloud, saying: The Voice
of the Lord upon the Waters: the
Terror of God upon Mankind:
the Voice of the Lord maketh the
Ships to tremble: the Stars are
troubled: the Aires fall. The First
Voice speaketh & saith: Cursed,
Cursed be the Earth, for her

The cry of the Twenty and
Ninth Aire or Æthyr.

ᛨᛨ .

The sky appears covered with stars of
gold, the background is of green.
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Voice Speaketh & Saith: Cursed,
cursed be the Earth, for her

Iniquity is great, Oh Lord! let
Thy ~~Peace~~ be lost in the Great
Deep! Open Thine eyes of
Flame & Light, O God, upon
the Wicked! Lighten Thine
Eyes! The Clamour of Thy
Voice, let it smite down the
Mountains!

Let us not see it! Cover we our
eyes, lest we see the End of
Man.

Close we our ears, lest we
hear the cry of Woman.

Let none speak of it: let
none write it: I, I am troubled
my eyes are moist with dew
of terror: surely the Bitterness
of Death is past.

And I turned me to the South & lo!

Iniquity is great. Oh Lord! let
Thy ~~Grace~~ Mercy be lost in the Great
Deep! Open thine eyes of
Flame & Light, O God, upon
the Wicked! Lighten thine
Eyes! The Clamour of Thy
Voice, let it smite down the
Mountains!

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eyes, lest we see the End of
Man.

Close we our ears, lest we
hear the cry of Woman.

Let none speak of it: let
none write it: I, I am troubled
my eyes are moist with dews
of terror: surely the Bitterness
of Death is past.

And I turned me to the South & lo!

a great Lion as wounded &
perplexed.

He cried: I have conquered!

Let the Sons of Earth keep silence
for my Name is become as That
of Death!

When will men learn the
Mysteries of Creation?

How much more those of the
Dissolution (& the Pang of Fire)?

I turned me to the West & there
was a Great Bull; White, with
horns of White & Black & Gold
His mouth was scarlet & his
eyes as Sapphire stones. With
a great sword he shored the
skies asunder, & amid the
silver flashes of the steel
grew lightnings & deep clouds

a great Lion as wounded &
perplexed.

He cried: I have conquered!

Let the Sons of Earth keep silence!

for my Name is become as That
of Death!

~~N~~When will men learn the
Mysteries of Creation?

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horns of White & Black & Gold
His mouth was scarlet & his
eyes as Sapphire stones. With
a great sword he shore the
skies asunder, & amid the
silver flashes of the steel
grew lightnings & deep clouds

of Indigo.

He spake: It is finished!
My mother hath unveiled
herself!

My sister hath violated herself!

The Life of Things hath
disclosed its mystery.

The Work of the Moon is done!

Motion is ended for ever!

Clipped are the eagle's wings:
but my Shoulders have not
lost their strength —

I heard a Great Voice from above
crying: Thou liest! For the
Volatile hath indeed fixed
itself; but it hath arisen
above thy sight. The World is
desert: but the Abodes of
the House of my Father are

of Indigo.

He spake: It is finished!

My mother hath unveiled
herself!

My sister hath violated herself!

The life of things hath
disclosed its Mystery.

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lost their strength –

I heard a Great Voice from above
crying: Thou liest! For the
Volatile hath indeed fixed
itself; but it hath arisen
above thy sight. The World is
desert: but the Abodes of
the House of my Father are

peopled & His Throne is
(cushioned over) with white Brilliant
Stars; a lustre of bright gems.

In the North is a Man upon a
Great Horse, having a Sledge
& Balances in his hand (or
a long Spear & litters at his back
or in his hand). He is clothed in
black velvet & his face is stern
& terrible.

He spake saying: I have judged!
It is the end: the gate of the
beginning. Look in the
Beneath & thou shalt see
a new world!

I looked & saw a great abyss
& a dark funnel of whirling
waters, or fixed airs, wherein

peopled & His Throne is
crusted over with white Brilliant
Stars; a lustre of bright gems.

In the North is a Man upon a
Great Horse, having a Scourge
& Balances in his hand =(or
a long spear glitters at his back
or in his hand). He is clothed in
black velvet & his face is stern
& terrible.

He spake saying: I have judged!
It is the end: the gate of the
beginning. Look in the
Beneath & thou shalt see
a new world!

I looked & saw a great abyss
& a dark funnel of whirling
waters, or fixed airs, wherein

were cities, & monsters, & trees,
& atoms, & mountains, & little
flames (being souls) & all the
material of an universe.

And all are sucked down one
by one, as necessity hath
ordained. For below is a glittering
jewelled globe of gold & azure,
set in a World of Stars.

And there came a Voice from
the Abyss, saying: "Thou
seest the Current of Destiny!
Canst thou change one atom in
its path? I am Destiny, ~~and~~
~~can change my will~~ ^{move} Dost
thou think to control me? for
who can move my ^{course} will?"

And there falleth a thunderbolt
therein: a catastrophe of
explosion: & all is shattered

were cities, & monsters, & trees,
& atoms, & mountains, & little
flames (being souls) & all the
material of an universe.

And all are sucked down one
by one, as necessity hath
ordained. For below is a glittering
jewelled globe of gold & azure,
set in a World of Stars.

And there came a Voice from
the Abyss, saying: "Thou
seest the Current of Destiny!
Canst thou change one atom in
its path? I am Destiny, ~~& none~~
~~can change move my Will.~~ Dost
thou think to control me? for
who can move my ~~Will?~~ course"
And there falleth a thunderbolt
therein: a catastrophe of
explosion: & all is shattered.

And I saw above me a Vast
Arm reach down, dark &
terrible and a voice cried:
I AM ETERNITY.

And a great mingled cry
arose: "No! No! No!"
All is changed: all is confounded
nought is ordered: the white
is stained with blood: the
black is kissed of the Christ!
Return! Return! It is a
new chaos that thou findest
here: chaos for thee: for
us it is the skeleton of a
New Truth!"

I said: Tell me this truth: for
I have conjured ye by the
Mighty Names of God, ^{the} which
ye cannot but obey.

And I saw above me a Vast
Arm reach down, dark &
terrible, & a voice cried:
I AM ETERNITY.

And a great mingled cry
arose: “No! No! No!
All is changed; all is confounded
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is stained with blood: the
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new chaos that thou findest
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us it is the skeleton of a New Truth!”

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æ I have conjured ye by the
Mighty Names of God, the which
ye cannot but obey.

Footnote



LVX Cross in

Swastika is probably

The Arcanum here connoted,

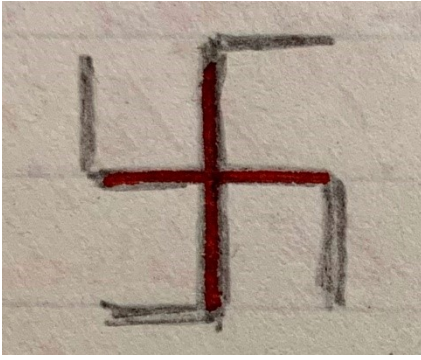
This Cross on 8th square adds to 65

Adonai, Shone, Gloried, ha - Gekal

HS = keep silence

So. itself adds to $231 = \overset{\text{The 21 Keys}}{0+1+2+\dots+21}$.

The cubical Swastika regarded as
composed of this LVX cross & the arms
has a total of 78 faces - $AP_2 \times 4 \text{ keys}$.



Footnote

LVX Cross in

Svastika is probably

the Arcanum here connoted.

This Cross on ☿ square adds to 65

Adonai, Shone, Gloried, ha-Yekal

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So itself adds to 231 = 0+1+2+- - - + 21. The 21 Keys

The cubical Svastika regarded as

composed of this LVX cross & the arms

has a total of 78 faces - A☿Ω & Mezla.

The Voice said:

Light is consumed, as a
child in the Womb of its Mother
to develop itself anew. But
pain & sorrow^{infinite} & darkness are
invoked. For this child riseth
up within his Mother & doth
crucify himself within her
bosom. He extendeth his arms
in the arms of his Mother & the
Light becometh fivefold
Lux in Lux

Christus in Cruce

Deo Duce

Sempiterno

~~Multae laudis~~

~~Coram claudis~~

~~Mili cordis~~

~~A Deo~~

And be the glory for ever

The Voice said:

Light is consumed, as a
child in the Womb of its Mother
to develop itself anew. But
pain & sorrow infinite & darkness are
invoked. For this child riseth
up within his Mother & doth
crucify himself within her
bosom. He extendeth his arms
in the arms of his Mother & the
Light becometh fivefold.

Lux in Luce,

Christus in Cruce;

Deo Duce

Sempiterno.

~~Multae laudis~~

~~Coram claudis~~

~~Milis cordis~~

~~A Deo~~

And be the glory for ever

and over unto the Most
High God, Amen!

Then I returned within my
body, giving glory unto the
Lord of Light & of the Darkness
In Saecula Saeculorum Amen!

[On composing myself to sleep,
I was shewn an extremely
brilliant T in the Character
7 of the Passing of the River, in
an egg of white light. And
I take this as the best of omens.
The letter was extremely vivid
& indeed apparently physical.]
almost a *Phyama*.

November 17, 1900 Die ♀

and ever unto the Most High God, Amen!

Then I returned within my
body, giving glory unto the
Lord of Light & of the Darkness
In Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen!

[On composing myself to sleep,
I was shewn an extremely
brilliant 7 in the Character



of the Passing of the River, in
an egg of white light. And

I take this as the best of omens.

The letter was extremely vivid
& indeed apparently physical.]

almost a Dhyana.

November 17, 1900, Die ♀

211 is A Lion : a quiddle : fear = wonderment

211 is A Lion : a girdle : fear = wonderment

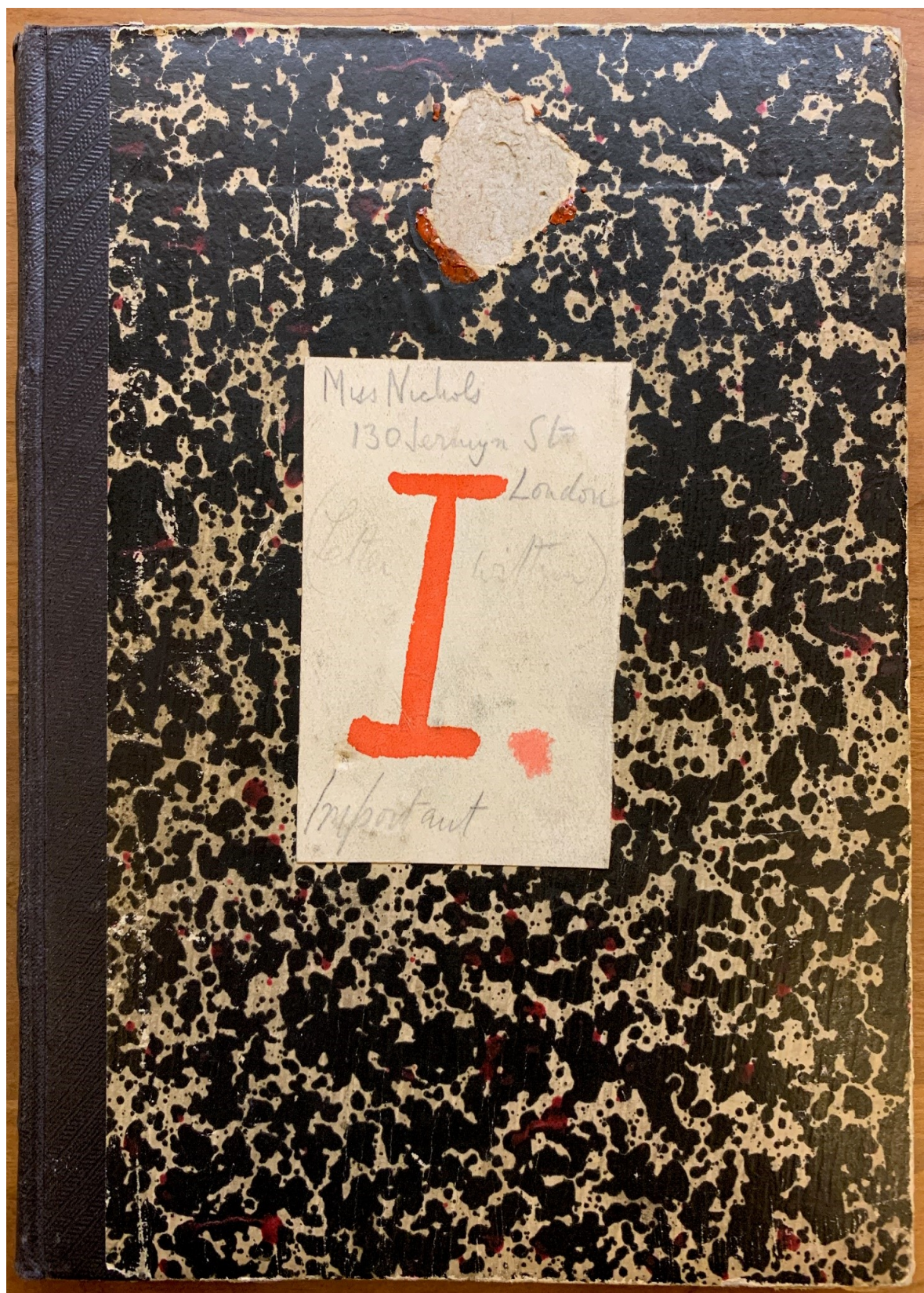
The Cry of the Twenty and
Eighth Aire, which is called

V 7 6

(The 1900 attempt to enter the 28th Aire, incomplete)

The Cry of the Twenty and
Eighth Aire, which is called

VxU





- 28th
 27th Heeale
 26th Microprosopus
 25th Path of \odot
 24th Love + TARO & printing ? = Hand & Webgach
 23rd Bull + Eagle
 22nd 7-fold Table
 21st Macroprosopus
 20th Path of \odot + Adman
 19th Path of \odot (with 3 & 2)

01T
RLV
LRL
00E

E OL ORU L L L T R L O

TARO

28 OFS
 28 22



19th

A.L.

1911

~~$\Sigma \uparrow \Omega$
 $\Sigma \uparrow \Omega$
 $\Sigma \uparrow \Omega$
 $\Sigma \uparrow \Omega$~~

~~$O = I \quad I = T = T$
 $R = N \quad L = R \quad U = A$
 $L = R \quad R = N \quad L = R$
 $O = I \quad O = I \quad E = O$~~

This Book is the property of

Captain Fuller

89 Overstrand Mansions

Battersea

LONDON

The Vision and the Voice

being the Cries of the

Thirty Athyrs

The Vision and the Voice
being the Cries of the
Thirty Aethyrs

Concerning the thirty aethyrs:-
 The division of the 29th & 30th. Aethyrs were
 given to me in Mexico in ^{April} 1900, & I am now
 trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked ^{23, 4, 9}
 that the last 3 aethyrs have 10 angels
 attributed to them, & they therefore
 represent the 10 Sephiroth. Yet these 10
 form but 1, a Malkuth-perfect to the
 next 3, & so on. Each set being, as it
 were, absorbed in the higher. The last set
 consists, therefore, of the first 3 aethyrs
 with the remaining 27 as ~~the~~ their
 Malkuth. And the letters of the first
 3 aethyrs are the key-symbols of the
 most exalted interpretation of the
 Sephiroth.

I is therefore Kether;

L, Chokmah & Binah;

A, Chesed;

N, Geburah;

R, Tiphereth;

Z, Netzach;

V, Hod;

O, Yesod.

Concerning the Thirty Aethyrs:-

The ~~the~~ Visions of the 29th & 30th Aethyrs were given to me in Mexico in August 1900, & I am now trying to get the rest. It is to be remarked 23.4.9 that the last 3 aethyrs have 10 angels attributed to them, & they therefore represent the 10 Sepirot. Yet these 10 form but 1, a Malkuth-pendant to the next 3, & so on. Each set being, as it were, absorbed in the higher. The last set consists, therefore, of the first 3 aethyrs with the remaining 27 as ~~they as~~ their Malkuth. And the letters of the first 3 aethyrs are the key-sigils of the most exalted interpretation of the Sephiroth.

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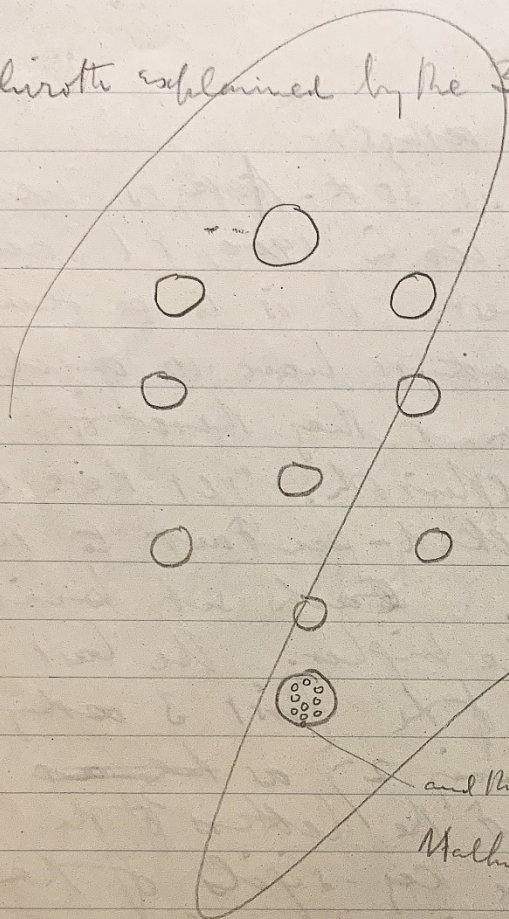
R, Tiphareth;

z, Netzach;

N, Hod;

O, Yesod.

The Sephiroth explained by the Boethians



and this again contains 10 + its
Malhuth 10 + 10 or for 10/miles

The Geomantic correspondence
of the Enochian alphabet form a sublime
commentary.

Note that the total angles of
the arches are 91, the numeration
of Amen.

The geomantic correspondences of the Enochian alphabet form a sublime commentary.

Note that the total angels of the Aethyrs are 91, the numeration of Amen.

The Vision and the Voice.

The City of the 28th Aethyr, which is called BAG.

There cometh an Angel into the Stone with Spaloeant, shining garments like a wheel of fire on every side of him, & in his hand is a long flail of scarlet lightning; his face is black, & his eyes white, without any pupil or iris. The face is very terrible indeed to look upon. Now in front of him is a wheel, with many spokes, & many ~~types~~; it is like a fence in front of him, & he cries: O Man, who art thou that wouldst penetrate the Mystery for it is hidden unto the End of Time. And I answer him: Time is a web, spun in the darkness of Her womb by whom evil came. And now the wheel breaks away, & I see him as he is. His garment is black as coal



The Vision and the Voice.

The Cry of the 28th Æthyr, which
is called BAG.

There cometh an Angel into the stone
with opalescent shining garments like a
wheel of fire on every side of him,
& in his hand is a long flail of
scarlet lightning; his face is black, &
his eyes white, without any pupil or
iris. The face is very terrible indeed
to look upon. Now in front of him
is a wheel, with many spokes, &
many tyres; it is like a fence in front
of him, & he cries: O man,
who art thou that wouldst pene-
-trate the Mystery, for it is hidden
unto the End of Time. And I
answer him: Time is not, save in
the darkness of Her womb by whom
Evil came. And now the wheel
breaks away, & I see him as he is.
His garment is black beneath

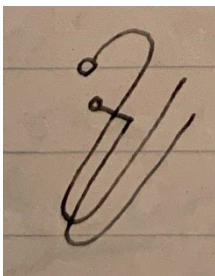
He has veils, but it is lined
with silk, & he has the shining
belly of a fish, & narrow wings
of black & white feathers, &
innumerable little legs & things
like a centipede, & a long tail
like a scorpion. The breasts are
human, but they are all scored
with blood & he cries: O thou
who hast bitten down the veil,
knowest thou not that also cometh
where I am must be scarred by
many sorrows? And I answer
him: Sorrows is with, save ^{the darkness of the} ~~the~~ ^{clouds}
of Her by whom came Evil. ~~the~~
~~in~~ I pierce the mystery of His
breast, & therein is a jewel. It is
a sapphire as great as an ostrich-
egg, & therein is grace & this
is it.

7/

But there is one
and writing on the stone, very

the opal veils, but it is lined
with white, & he has the shining
belly of a fish, & enormous wings
of black & white feathers, &
innumerable little legs & claws
like a centipede, & a long tail
like a scorpion. The breasts are
human, but they are all scored
with blood, & he cries: O thou
who hast broken down the veil,
knowest thou not that who cometh
where I am must be scarred by
many sorrows? And I answer
him: Sorrow is not, save in the darkness of the womb
of Her by whom came Evil.

I pierce the Mystery of ~~H~~his
breast, & therein is a jewel. It is
a sapphire as great as an ostrich-
egg, & thereon is graven this
sigil:



But there is also
much writing on the stone, very

minute chamber, cannot. And I
cannot hear them. He points
with his nail to the sapphire,
which is as outside him, &
bigger than himself; the one:
Nail! master of the gates of
Evening, unknownest ear the
right, hand from the left, for
in the ear of my Father is a
god with clasp hands, where
he holds the universe, crushing
it into the dust that ye call stars.
Nail unto thee, who knowest
with thy right eye from the left,
for in the ear of my Father there
is but one light. Nail unto
thee, who knowest with thy right
hand from the left, for in the
ear of my Father there is neither
life nor death. Nail unto thee
who knowest with thy right ear
from the left, for in the ear
of my Father there is neither
sound nor silence, & whose

minute characters carved. And I
cannot read them. He points
with his flail to the sapphire,
which is now outside him, &
bigger than himself; & he cries:
Hail! warden of the Gates of
Eternity, who knowest not thy
right hand from thy left, for
in the æon of my Father is a
god with clasped hands, wherein
he holdeth the universe, crushing
it into the dust that ye call stars.
Hail unto thee who knowest
not thy right eye from thy left,
for in the æon of my Father there
is but one light. Hail unto
thee who knowest not thy right
nostril from thy left, for in the
æon of my Father there is neither
life nor death. Hail unto thee
who knowest not thy right ear
from thy left; for in the æon
of my Father there is neither
sound nor silence, & whoso

hark power to break open his sapphire
store shall find therein four
elephants bearing tanks of amber -
- of pearl, & upon whose backs
are castles, those castles which
ye call the world-towers of the
universe. Let me dwell in peace
within the breast of the Apple
that is an orb of the aether. Let
not the shame of my mother be
unveiled - let not her be put to
shame that lieth among the tiles
that are beyond the stars. O man,
that must ever be opening, when
will thou learn to seal up the
mysteries of the creation? to
fold thyself over thyself as a
rose in the embrace of night?
But thou wilt fling the window to
the sun, & the wind will tear
thy petals from thee, & the bee
will rob thee of thy honey, &
thou wilt fall into the fathoms
of things.

Amen & Amen.

hath power to break open this sapphire
stone shall find therein four
elephants having tusks of mother-
-of-pearl, & upon whose backs
are castles, those castles which
ye call the watch-towers of the
Universe. Let me dwell in peace
within the breast of the Angel
that is warden of the æthyr. Let
not the shame of my Mother be
unveiled. Let not her be put to
shame that lieth among the lilies
that are beyond the stars. O man,
that must ever be opening, when
wilt thou learn to seal up the
mysteries of the creation? to
fold thyself over thyself as a
rose in the embrace of night?
But thou must play the wanton to
the sun, & the wind must tear
thy petals from thee, & the bee
must rob thee of thy honey, &
thou must fall into the dusk
of things.

Amen & Amen.

Verily the light is within;
Therefore he who within himself
is like unto the light, but who
oppresses himself; who art like
unto the darkness that blinds
the belly of the great godless. x

OLAKO VIRUDEN MAHORELA
ZODIREDA! ON PIREDA EKENT-
AJER; ARBA PIRE SAH SAHA
SAHAL SAHALANA VO ABRA NA
SAHA VELUCORSAPAX.

And the voice of the acor
cried: Return, return, return,
the true submergence, & the spare
papeth, & the voice of Him
that is, was & shall be
crowned rattle in the throat
of the unglory of ages of old.
Thou canst not far by us,
except thou have the mystery
of the word of the ages.
Now the word is finished

Verily the light is hidden,
therefore he who hideth himself
is like unto the light, but thou
openest thyself; thou art like
unto the darkness that bindeth
the belly of the great goddess.^x

OLAHO VIRUDEN MAHORELA
ZODIREDA! ON PIREDA EXENT-
-ASER; ARBA PIRE GAH GAHA
GAHAL GAHALANA VO ABRA NA
GAHA VELUCORSAPAX.

And the voice of the æon
cried: Return, return, return,
the time sickeneth, & the space
gapeth, & the voice of Him
that is, was & shall be
crowned rattles in the throat
of the mighty dragon of eld.
Thou canst not pass by me,
except thou have the mystery
of the word of the abyss.

Now the angel putteth

x Note. In the light of the Cg of LOE, this passage seems to mean precisely the opposite of its apparent meaning.

x Note. In the light of the Cry of LOE, this passage seems to mean almost precisely the opposite of its apparent meaning.

back the capharnaum stone into his
breast, & I spoke unto him &
said, 'I will fight with thee
& overcome thee, & after thou
hast fought unto me the word of the
Sabbath. Now he makes a sign to
fight with me. (It's very horrible,
all the tentacles moving, & the
flail flailing, & the fierce yellow
face, strained & swollen.) Just
with the magic sword, I pierced
through his armor to his breast,
& he fell back, saying, each of
his scars was truly made,
for I am the warrior of the
Aethyra. And he would have
said more; but I cut him
short, saying: I found the word
of the Sabbath. And he said:
Discipline is sorrowful, &
morning is laborious, & all
is acariage.

Thou shalt be vexed
by dispersion.

back the sapphire stone into his
breast, & I spake unto him &
said, I will fight with thee
& overcome thee, except thou
expound unto me the word of the
Abyss. Now he makes as if to
fight with me. (It's very horrible,
all the tentacles moving, & the
flail flashing, & the fierce eyeless
face, strained & swollen.) And
with the magic sword I pierce
through his armour to his breast,
& he fell back, saying, each of
these my scars was thus made,
for I am the warden of the
æthyr. And he would have
said more; but I cut him
short, saying: expound the word
of the Abyss. And he said:
Discipline is sorrowful, &
ploughing is laborious, & age
is weariness.

Thou shalt be vexed
by dispersion.

but not

then if the sun arise, fold
the nine arms; then shall god
smite thee into a pillar of salt.

Look not so deeply
into words & letters, for their
mystery has been hidden by the
Alchemists. Coupon the sun-
fold into a four-fold rejoinder,
& when thou hast understood,
thou mayest make symbols, but
by playing dilt's games with
symbols, thou shalt never
understand. Thou hast the
signs, thou hast the words, but
there are many things that are
not in my power, who am but
the waste of the rock Achyr.

Now my name thou shalt
write in this way. Of the three
angles of the Achyr, thou shalt
write the name from right to
left, & from left to right, &
from right to left, & these
are the holy letters:-

~~Then if~~ But now the sun arise, fold
thou thine arms; then shall god
smite thee into a pillar of salt.

Look not so deeply
into words & letters; for this
mystery hath been hidden by the
Alchemists. Compose the seven-
-fold into a four-fold regimen,
& when thou hast understood
thou mayest make symbols, but
by playing child's games with
symbols thou shalt never
understand. Thou hast the
signs, thou hast the words, but
there are many things that are
not in my power, who am but
the warden of the 28th Æthyr.

Now my name thou shalt
obtain in this wise. Of the three
angels of the Æthyr, thou shalt
write the names from right to
left, & from left to right, &
from right to left, & these
are the holy letters:-

The first 1, the fifth 2, the
ninth 3, the eleventh 4, the
seventeenth 5, the twentieth 6, the
thirtieth 7.

What then
my name who am above them
these, but the angels of the
SON & they are indeed four,
& they have more above them,
wherefore dispersion & disorder.

Now comes a voice
from every side at once, terribly
great, crying: Close the veil;
the great blasphemy has been
uttered; the face of my Mother
is stained by the hail of
the devil. Shut the book
fast by the breaker of the 'seals'
and I answered, that he had not
seen the boy, he had not
come hither, for I am not
save in the darkness in the
arms of Her by whom came
a.p. evil into the world. And this

The first 1, the fifth 2, the
sixth 3, the eleventh 4, the
seventh 5, the twelfth 6, the
seventeenth 7. ₧

Thus hast thou
my name who am above these
three, but the angels of the
30th Æthyr are indeed four,
& they have none above them,
wherefore dispersion & disorder.

Now comes a voice
from every side at once, terribly
great, crying: Close the veil;
the great blasphemy hath been
uttered; the face of my Mother
is scarred by the nails of
the devil. Shut the book,
destroy the breaker of the seal!
⌘ And I answered: ⌘ Had he not
been destroyed he had not
come hither, for I am not,
save in the darkness in the
womb of Her by whom came
evil into the world. [⌘ And this

n.p.

darkness & allous every thing off,
and the apt is from the
shore, & then is no light therein,
save only the light of the Rose &
of the Cross.

Annale, Algeria. Nov: 23, 1909.

Between 8 & 9, p. a.

darkness swallows everything up,
and the angel is gone from the
stone, & there is no light therein,
save only the light of the Rose &
of the Cross.

Aumale, Algeria. Nov: 23, 1909.

Between 8-9 p.m.

The cry of the 2) the Adyr, which
is called 2AA.

There is an angel with a rainbow
wings, & his dress is green with silver,
a green veil over silver armour.

Flames of many-coloured fire dart
from him in all directions. It is
a woman of some 30 years old, & she
has the moon for a crest, & the moon
is blazoned on her heart, & her sandals
are carved silver, like the moon.

And she cries: lonely and
cold in the wilderness of the stars.

Heaven, | For I am the Queen of all them
that dwell in ~~heaven~~, & the Queen
of all them that are furs upon
earth, & the Queen of all the
souls of hell. I am the
Daughter of Vain, the Lady of
the stars. And I am the Bride
of them that are come unto
Golgotha. And I am the mother
of the Dog Cerberus. One person



The Cry of the 27th Æthyr, which
is called ZAA.

There is an angel with rainbow
wings, & his dress is green with silver,
a green veil over silver armour.
Flames of many-coloured fire dart
from him in all directions. It is a
woman of some 30 years old, & she
has the moon for a crest, & the moon
is blazoned on her heart, & her sandals
are curved silver, like the moon.
And she cries: Lonely am I and
cold in the wilderness of the stars.
For I am the queen of all them
that dwell in ~~him~~ Heaven, & the queen
of all them that are pure upon
earth, & the queen of all the
sorcerers of hell. I am the
daughter of Nuit, the lady of
the stars. And I am the Bride
of them that are vowed unto
loneliness. And I am the mother
of the Dog Cerberus. One person

and I, and these gods. And thou
who hast blasphemed me, shalt
suffer knowing me. For I am
cold as thou art cold, and burn
with thy fire. Oh when shall
the war of the air and the
elements be accomplished?

Radiant are these faldriours
of my brothers, circling about me,
but the weight of the æthers
beneath my feet beareth me
down. And they avail not
to ~~sway~~ the Kameilos. There is
one in green armour, with green
eye, whose sword is of ~~refeable~~
fire. That shall avail me.
Nay, so is he — And how shall
I bear him that have not
known man? [All this time
innumerable rays are an shooting
forth to beat me back or
burn me, but I am encased
in an egg of blue-violet, and
my form is the form of a man

am I, and three gods. And thou
who hast blasphemed me, shalt
suffer knowing me. For I am
cold as thou art cold, and burn
with thy fire. Oh, when shall
the war of the airses and the
elements be accomplished?

Radiant are these falchions
of my brothers, invisibly about me,
but the might of the æthyrs
beneath my feet beareth me
down. And they avail not
to sever the Kamailos. There is
one in green armour, with green
eyes, whose sword is of vegetable
fire. That shall avail me.

My son is he. And how shall
I bear him that have not
known man? [All this time
intolerable rays are shooting
forth to beat me back or
destroy me; but I am encased
in an egg of blue-violet, and
my form is the form of a man

with the beat of a golden
hawk. While I've been
observing him, the golden has
kept up a continuous wail,
like the beating of a thousand
horns, & now her voice is

Deep and guttural and hoarse,
+ she ~~utter~~ ^{utter} very rapidly
words that I cannot hear. I

can hear ~~only~~ some of these words:-

UNTU LA LA ULULA
UNUNA TOFA LAMA LE
LI NA AHR IMA TAHARA
ELULA ETFOYA UNUNA
ARPETI ULU ULU ULU
MARABAN ULULO MAHATA
ULU ULU LAMASTANA.

And then her voice rose
to a shriek, and there's a
call for boiling & food for
her, & the flames were for
the call for an like the
fire-flames, & in the call for
in the rose, the rose of vegetables,

with the head of a golden
hawk.] While I have been
observing this, the goddess has
kept up a continuous wail,
like the baying of a thousand
hounds, & now her voice is
deep and guttural and hoarse,
& she ~~breathes~~ breathes very rapidly
words that I cannot hear.
I can hear ~~OUT~~ some of them now: -

UNTU LA LA ULULA
UMUNA TOFA LAMA LE
LI NA AHR IMA TAHARA
ELULA ETFFOMA UNUNA
ARPETI ULU ULU ULU
MARABAN ULULU MAHATA
ULU ULU LAMA-TANA.

And then her voice rises
to a shriek, and there's a
cauldron boiling in front of
her; & the flames under
the cauldron are like unto
zinc flames, & in the cauldron
is the Rose, the Rose of 49 petals,

seeking it. Over the cauldron
she has arched her rainbow
wrings, & her fan is beat over
the cauldron, & she is blowing
pale ash sitting nips onto
the rock, & east ring as it
tough the water bursts with
flame, & the rock takes new
colors. And now she lifts her
head, & raises her hands to
heaven, & cries: - O Mother, wilt
thou wear these confessions on
the dirt of death? Was it
not enough that the rock should
be set with the blood of
this heart, & that its fate
should be by seen, & by seen.
She is weeping, weeping. And
the tears grow, & fill the
whole stone with moor, I
can see nothing & hear nothing
for the tears. Now she
keeps on praying. Take of
these fears, & ransom them

seething in it. Over the cauldron
she has arched her rainbow
wings, & her face is bent over
the cauldron, & she is blowing
opalescent silvery rings on to
the Rose, & each ring as it
touches the water bursts into
Flame, & the Rose takes new
colours. And now she lifts her
head, & raises her hands to
heaven, & cries: O Mother, wilt
thou never have compassion on
the children of earth? Was it
not enough that the Rose should
be red with the blood of
thine heart, & that its petals
should be by seven & by seven.
She is weeping, weeping. And
the tears grow & fill the
whole stone with moons. I
can see nothing & hear nothing
for the tears, though she
keeps on praying. Take of
these pearls: treasure them

in his heart. I and the
King of the Abyss against
the great Emperor to the
Cauldron, & now it is then
is the heat of a most
awful dragon, black &
corrupted. I wait & wait,
& nothing happens. And now
the dragon rises out of the
Cauldron, very long & thin
like those Japanese dragons,
but infinitely more terrible,
& he blows out the whole
of the stone. And
then suddenly all is gone, &
then is nothing in the stone,
save brilliant white light, &
flashes like sparks of golden
fire, & then is a ringing like
a bell were being
used for a while. And then
is a picture which I cannot
describe. It is like nothing
that one can describe, but

in thine heart. Is not the
Kingdom of the Abyss accurst?
She points downward to the
cauldron, & now in it there
is the head of a most
cruel dragon, black &
corrupted. I watch & watch,
& nothing happens. And now
the dragon rises out of the
cauldron, very long & slim
like those Japanese Dragons,
but infinitely more terrible,
& he blots out the whole
sphere of the stone. And
then suddenly all is gone, &
there is nothing in the stone,
save brilliant white light &
flecks like sparks of golden
fire, & and there is a ringing ~~like~~
as if bells were being
used for anvils. And there
is a perfume which I cannot
describe; it's like nothing
that one can describe, but

The suggestion: like Lignum
alone. But not all these
things are there at once, in
the same place & time. And
not a veil of blue & silver
is drawn over the stone. Only
I hear the voice of the
angel teaching, very sweet &
faint & sorrowful, saying: -
Far off & lonely is the secret
stone in the unknown, unknown
& interpenetrating is the knowledge
with the will & the understanding.
I am alone. I am lost, because
I am all & in all, & my
veil is woven of the green
earth & the web of stars. I
love & I am denied, for I
have denied myself. Give
me those hands. Put them
away my heart. Is it not
cost? Sink, sink, the abyss
of time remains. It is not
possible that one should come

the suggestion is like lignum
aloes. And now all these
things are there at once, in
the same place & time. And
now a veil of olive & silver
is drawn over the stone. only
I hear the voice of the
angel receding, very sweet &
faint & sorrowful, saying: -
Far off & lonely in the secret
stone is the unknown, between
& interpenetrating is the knowledge
with the will & the understanding.
I am alone. I am lost, because
I am all & in all, & my
veil is woven of the green
earth & the web of stars. I
love & I am denied, for I
have denied myself. Give
me those hands. Put them
against my heart. Is it not
cold? Sink, sink, - the abyss
of time remains. It is not
possible that one should come

6, 20000. Give me thy face.
Let me kiss it with my cold
kiss. Ah! H! H! Fall
back from me. The word, the
word of the aeon is MAKHASHÄ-
-NAH. And these words shalt
thou say backwards:- ARARNA
OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULU NOM
LAHARA EN NEDIEZO LO
SAD FONUSA SOBANA ARANA
BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA
WOHULUA When thou wilt
call ^{for} my brother unto appear-
-ance, for I who am the
Wife of Goddes am the pregnant
Goddes, I have cast down
my brother even unto the
borders of the universe. They
that blaspheme me are stones,
& my veil is fallen about
me even unto the end of
time.

Now then arise a great
raying of thousands & thousands

to ~~ZOD~~A~~A~~. Give me thy face.
 Let me kiss it with my cold
 kisses. Ah! Ah! Ah! Fall
 back from me. The word, the
 word of the æon is MAKHASHĀ -
 -NAH. And these words shalt
 thou say backwards: ARARNAY
 OBOLO MAHARNA TUTULU NOM
 LAHARA EN NEDIEZO LO
 SAD FONUSA SOBANA ARANA
 BINUF LA LA LA ARPAZNA
~~WUOHULU~~ When thou wilt
 call for my burden unto appear-
 -ance, for I who am the
 virgin goddess am the pregnant
 goddess, & I have cast down
 my burden even unto the
 borders of the universe. They
 that blaspheme me are stoned,
 & my veil is fallen about
 me even unto the end of
 time.

Now there arises a great
 raging of thousands & thousands

hundreds of mighty warriors
flashing through the air, so
thickly that nothing is to be
seen but their swords which
are like blue-gray flames.
And the noise is confused;
the shouts of battle-cries
harmonizing to a roar, like
the roar of a snow storm
rushing in flood. And all the
shore is dull, dull grey.
The life is gone from it.
There is no more to see.

Sidi Aissa, Algeria. Nov: 24, 1909.
8-9, p.m.

& thousands of mighty warriors
flashing through the æthyr so
thickly that nothing is to be
seen but their swords, which
are like blue-gray plumes.
And the noise is confused,
thousands of battle-cries
harmonizing to a roar, like
the roar of a monstrous
river in flood. And all the
stone is dull, dull grey.
The life is gone from it.
There is no more to see.

Sidi Aissa, Algeria. Nov: 24, 1909.

8-9 p.m.

The City of the 26th Sept, which
is called DES.

Then is a very bright pentagram, &
now the stone is gone, & the whole
heaven is black, & the blackness is the
blackness of a mighty angel. And
though he is black his face &
his wings & his robe & his armour
are all black, yet is he so bright
that I cannot look upon him. And
he cries: O ye spears & vials of
poison & sharp swords and almighty
thunderbolts that are about the
corners of the earth, girded with
wrath & justice, know ye that
his name is Righteousness in Beauty.
Burnt out are your eyes, for that ye
have seen me in my majesty. And
broken are the drum-heads of your
ears, because my name is a two
mountain of fornication, the breast
of a strange woman, & my father is
not in heaven. O ye fools of fire &

The Cry of the 26th Æthyr, which
is called DES.

There is a very bright pentagram, &
now the stone is gone, & the whole
heaven is black, & the blackness is the
blackness of a mighty angel. And
though he is black his face &
his wings & his robe & his armour
are all black, yet is he so bright
that I cannot look upon him.
he cries: O ye spears & vials of
poison & sharp swords and whirling
thunderbolts that are about the
corners of the earth, girded with
wrath & justice, know ye that
his name is Righteousness in Beauty.
Burnt out are your eyes, For that ye
have seen me in my majesty. And
broken are the drum-heads of your
ears, because my name is as two
mountains of fornication, the breasts
of a strange woman, & my father is
not in them. Lo! the pools of fire &

torment mingled with ~~shepherd~~ ^{many} ~~shepherd~~. Many
are their colours, & their colour is as
molten gold, when all is said. Is
not he, one, one & alone, is alone
the brightness of your countenance as
1728 fathoms of fire? Also he
spoke the curse, folding his wrists
across, & crying: is not the son
the enemy of his father? And has
not the daughter stolen the warmth
of the bed of her mother? Therefore
is the great curse irrevocable.
Therefore there is neither wisdom
nor understanding nor knowledge
in this house, that hangeth upon
the edge of hell. There are not
4, but 2, or her blasphemy spoken
against 1. Therefore, whose
ambition he is accursed. He
shall be dragged in a mortar, &
the ponder thereof cast to the
winds, that birds of the air may
eat thereof and die, & ~~that~~ he
shall be dissolved in stony acid.

torment mingled with sulphur! Many
are their colours, & their colour is as
molten gold, when all is said. Is
not he one, one & alone, in whom
the brightness of your countenance is as
1728 petals of fire? Also he
spake the curse, folding his wings
across & crying: Is not the son
the enemy of his father? And hath
not the daughter stolen the warmth
of the bed of her mother? Therefore
is the great curse irrevocable.
Therefore ~~of~~ there is neither wisdom
nor understanding nor knowledge
in this house, that hangeth upon
the edge of hell. Thou art not
4, but 2, O thou blasphemy spoken
against 1! Therefore, whoso
worshippeth thee is accursed. He
shall be brayed in a mortar &
the powder thereof cast to the
winds, that the birds of the air may
eat thereof and die, & ~~the~~ he
shall be dissolved in strong acid,

& the elixir is poured into the sea, that
the fishes of the sea may breathe
hence, and die. And ^{he} ~~there~~ shall be
mingled with dung, & spread upon
the earth, so that the herbs of the
earth may feed hence & die.
And ^{he} ~~there~~ shall be burnt utterly
with fire, & the ashes thereof
shall calcine the children of
flame, that even in hell may be
found an overflowing lamentation.

[And now on the breast of the
Angel, is a golden egg between
the blackest of the wings, & that
egg grows & grows all over the
angel. And it breaks, and within
there is a golden eagle. And he
cries: Woe! woe! woe! Woe, woe
with the world! For there is no sin,
& there is no salvation. My flames
are like arrows of gold upon the sea.
My eyes are brighter than the sun.
My tongue is sweeter than the Elixir.
Yet can I be saved in by the answer

& the elixir poured into the sea, that
the fishes of the sea may breathe
thereof and die. And he shall be
mingled with dung & spread upon
the earth, so that the herbs of the
earth may feed thereof & die.

And ~~then~~ he shall be burnt utterly
with fire, & the ashes thereof
shall calcine the children of
flame, that even in hell may be
found an overflowing lamentation.

[And now on the breast of the
Angel is a golden egg between
the blackness of the wings, & that
egg grows & grows all over the
æthyr. And it breaks, and within
there is a golden eagle. And he
cries: Woe! woe! woe! Yea, woe
unto the world! For there is no sin,
& there is no salvation. My plumes
are like waves of gold upon the sea.
My eyes are brighter than the sun.
My tongue is swifter than the lightning.
Yet am I hemmed in by the armies

of light, saying, saying praise unto
him that is smitten by the
thunderbolt of the abyss. Is not
the sky clear behind the sun?
These clouds that burn thee up,
these rays that scorch the brain
to men with blindness. These are
clouds before my face of the
frustration and the light. Ye
are all blinded by my glory, &
though ye treasure in your heart
the sacred word that is the last
ward of the key to the little door
before the abyss, yet ye gloss &
conceal thereupon, for the light
itself is but illusion. Truth
itself is but illusion. O yes,
these be the great illusions beyond
life & space & time. Let my lips
stutter with my words. Are they
not actors in my brain? Back!
back from the face of the accursed
one who am I, back into the night
of my father, into the silence;

of night, singing, singing praises unto
him that is smitten by the
thunderbolt of the abyss. Is not
the sky clear behind the sun?
These clouds that burn thee up,
these rays that scorch the brains
of men with blindness. These are
heralds before my face of the
dissolution and the night. Ye
are all blinded by my glory, &
though ye treasure in your heart
the sacred word that is the last
lever ~~word~~ of the key to the little door
beyond the abyss, yet ye gloss &
comment thereupon, for the light
itself is but illusion. Truth
itself is but illusion. Yea,
these be the great illusions beyond
life & space & time. Let thy lips
blister with my words! Are they
not meteors in thy brain? Back,
back from the face of the accursed
one, who am I, back into the night
of my father, into the silence;

for all that ye deem right is
left, forward is backward, upward
is downward. I am the great
god, abhorred of the holy one. Yet
am I the accursed one, child
of the elements and not their
father. O my mother! wilt
thou not have pity upon me?
wilt thou not shield me? For
I am naked, I am manifest, I
am profane. O my father! wilt
not thou withdraw me? I am
extended. I am double. I am
profane. woe, woe unto me!
These are they that hear not
prayer. It is I that have heard
all prayer always, & there is none
to answer me. Woe unto me! woe
unto me! Accursed am I unto the
aeon. [All this time this brilliant
apple-headed god has been attacked,
seemingly, by invisible furies; for he is
wounded now & again, here & there. Little
streams of foul blood come out over

for all that ye deem right is
left, forward is backward, upward
is downward. I am the great
god, adored of the holy ones. Yet
am I the accursed one, child
of the elements, and not their
Father. O my mother! wilt
thou not have pity upon me?
Wilt thou not shield me? For
I am naked, I am manifest, I
am profane. O my father! wilt
not thou withdraw me? I am
extended. I am double. I am
profane. Woe, woe unto me!
These are they that hear not
prayer. It is I that have heard
all prayer alway, & there is none
to answer me. Woe unto me! Woe
unto me! Accursed am I unto the
æons! [All this time this brilliant
eagle-headed god has been attacked,
seemingly, by invisible people; for he is
wounded now & again, here & there. Little
streams of fresh blood come out over

the fountains of his breast. And the
substance of the blood had gradually
filling the arch + with a mirror
veil. And there is a scroll over
the top, saying: Eulawia abhorred
a sanguine. & there's another
scroll below it, in a language
of which I don't know the sounds.
The meaning is: Not as they have
understood. And the blood is
thicker + darker now, + it's becoming
clotted + dark, so that even day is
blotted out, because it coagulates,
coagulates. And then at the top,
there steals a fawn of pure night-
-blue, & the stars the stars in it,
deeply set. And now the blood
thins. ~~And now~~ so that all
round the top of the oval
gradually shows the light in
our hands, Nuts. & below
here is the flaming-winged disk,
+ below, the altar of Ra-
Hoor-Kufit, where it is upon

the feathers of his breast. And the
smoke of the blood is gradually
filling the Æthyr with a crimson
veil! And there is a scroll over
the top, saying: Ecclesia abhorret
a sanguine. & there is another
scroll below it in a language
of which I don't know the sounds.
The meaning is: Not as they have
understood. And the blood is
thicker & darker now, & it is becoming
clotted & black, so that everything is
blotted out, because it coagulates,
coagulates. And then at the top
there steals a dawn of pure night-
-blue, Oh, the stars, the stars in it
deeply set. And after the blood
star. ~~All in~~ So that all
round the top of the oval
gradually dawns the figure of
our Lady Nuit, & beneath
her is the flaming winged disk,
& below the altar of Ra-
Hoor-~~Kuhit~~ Khuit, even as it is upon

the still of racing. But below
is the supreme figure of Sub, in
whom is concentrated all that
clothed blood. He then comes
a voice: it is the sound of the
aeon. The aeon of our day are
passed away. Force & fire, strength
& right, these are for the servants
of the Star & the Snake. ~~They~~
But now I seem to be lying
alone in the desert, exhausted.

The desert near Sidi Asia, Nov. 25, 1909.
1.10 - 2. P.M.

the Stele of Revealing. But below
is the supine figure of Seb, into
whom is concentrated all that
clotted blood. & there comes
a voice: It is the dawn of the
æon. The æons of cursing are
passed away. Force & fire, strength
& sight, these are for the servants
of the Star & the Snake. ~~& now~~
And now I seem to be lying
~~alone~~ in the desert, exhausted.

The desert, near Sidi Aissa. Nov. 25, 1909.

1:10-2 p.m.

The song of the 25th Angel, which
is called VTI.

There is nothing in the store but the
pale gold of the Rosy Cross, but now
there comes an Angel with bright
wings, that is the Angel of the
25th ~~Angel~~ Air. And all the air
is a dark olive about him, like
an alexandrite stone. He bears
a pitcher or amphora. And now
there comes another Angel, upon a
white horse. And yet again another
Angel, upon a black bull. And
now there comes a lion & swallow, the
two latter angels up. The first Angel
goes to the lion and does his
work. And behind them are
arrayed a great company of Angels
with silver spears, like a forest.
And the Angel says: Blow all ye
trumpets, for I will loose my
hands from the work of the Lion,
and his bearing shall enthrall the

The cry of the 25th Æthyr, which
is called VTI.



There is nothing in the stone but the
pale gold of the Rosy Cross, but now
there comes an Angel with bright
wings, that is the Angel of the
25th ~~Air Air~~ Air. And all the air
is a dark olive about him, like
an alexandrite stone. He bears
a pitcher or amphora. And now
there comes another Angel, upon a
white horse. And yet again another
Angel, upon a black bull. And
now there comes a lion & swallows the
two latter angels up. The first angel
goes to the lion and closes his
mouth. And behind them are
arrayed a great company of Angels
with silver spears, like a forest.
And the Angel says: Blow, all ye
trumpets, for I will loose my
hands from the mouth of the lion,
and his roaring shall enkindle the

worlds. Then the trumpets blow, and
he will rise, and alitler terribly.
It is a blue wind, with silver sparks,
+ it blows through the whole
Aethyr. But through it one perceives
the Lion, which has become as a
raging flame. And he roars in
an unknown tongue. But this is
the interpretation thereof: Let
the stars be burnt up in the fire
of my nostrils! Let all the gods
and the archangels + the angels +
the spirits that are on the earth,
+ above the earth, + below the earth,
that are in all the heavens + in
all the hells, let them be as
white dancing in the beam of mine
eye. I am he that swalloweth
up Death + Victory. I have slain
the crowned goat, + drunk up
the great Sea. ~~The sea~~. Like
the ash of dried leaves the worlds are
blown before me. That hath
passed by me, + that hath not known me.

worlds. Then the trumpets blow, and
the wind rises, and whistles terribly.
It is a blue wind, with silver specks,
& it blows through the whole
Æthyr. But through it one perceives
the lion, which has become as a
raging flame. And he roareth in
an unknown tongue. But this is
the interpretation thereof: Let
the stars be burnt up in the fire
of my nostrils! Let all the gods
and the archangels & the angels &
the spirits that are on the earth,
& above the earth, & below the earth,
that are in all the heavens & in
all the hells, let them be as
motes dancing in the beam of mine
eye. I am he that swalloweth
up death & victory. I have slain
the crownèd goat, & drunk up
the great sea. ~~The sea~~ Like
the ash of dried leaves the worlds are
blown before me. Thou hast
passed by me, & thou hast not known me.

Use unto thee, that I have not
devoured thee altogether. For my
head is the crown, 409 rays far-
-darting. And my body is the body of
the Snake, & my ~~soul~~ is the soul
of the Crowned Child. Thou art
Ariel is a white robe leadeth me,
also shall ride upon me but the
Woman of Abominations, Who is
the beast? Am not I one ^{more} than
he? In his hand is a sword that
is a book. In his hand is a spear, that
is a cup of fornication. Upon his
womb is set the great & terrible seal.
And he hath the secret of V.
And his ten horns spring from five
points. And his eight heads
are as the characters of the West.
Thou dost the fire of the sun temper
the spear of Mars, & thou shalt
be worshipped, as the warrior-
-lord of the sun. For in him
is the woman that devoureth
with her water all the fire of

Woe unto thee, that I have not
devoured thee altogether! On my
head is the crown, 419 rays far-
-darting. And my body is the body of
the Snake, & my soul is the soul
of the eCrowned eChild. Though an
Angel in white robes leadeth me,
who shall ride upon me but the
Woman of Abominations=, Who is
the beast? Am not I one ~~less~~ more than
he? In his hand is a sword that
is a book. In his hand is a spear, that
is a cup of fornication. Upon his
mouth is set the great & terrible seal.
And he hath the secret of V.
And his ten horns spring from five
points. And his eight heads
are as the Charioteer of the West.
Thus doth the fire of the sun temper
the spear of Mars, & thus shall
he be worshipped, as the warrior-
-lord of the sun. Yet in him
is the woman that devoureth
with her water all the fire of

Got. Hail! My Lord, thou art joined
with him that knoweth not
these things. When shall the day
come, that men shall flock to
thine way gate, & fall into thy
furnace throat, ~~a~~ whirlpool of
fire? This is well. unquench-
-able, & all they shall be
utterly consumed therein.
Therefore is that asbestos uncon-
-sumable, made pure. Each
of my teeth is a letter of the
remembering Name. My tongue
is a pillar of fire, & from
the glands of my mouth arise
four pillars of water. Taot
TAOTZEM is the name by which
I am blasphemed. My name
thou shalt not know, lest
thou pronounce it & pass by.
But now the Angel comes
forward again & closes his
mouth. All this time heavy
blows have been raining upon

God. Alas! my lord, thou art joined
with him that knoweth not
these things. When shall the day
come, that men shall flock to
this my gate, & fall into my
furious throat, A a whirlpool of
fire? This is hell unquench-
-able, & all they shall be
utterly consumed therein.
Therefore is that asbestos uncon-
-sumable made pure. Each
of my teeth is a letter of the
reverberating Vname. My tongue
is a pillar of fire, & from
the glands of my mouth arise
four pillars of water. ~~Taots~~
TAOTZEM is the name by which
I am blasphemed. My name
thou shalt not know, lest
thou pronounce it & pass by.
And now the Angel comes
forward again & closes his
mouth. All this time heavy
blows have been raining upon

me from invisible angels, so that I
am weighed down as with a
burden greater than the world.
I am altogether crushed. Great
mill-stones are hurled out of
heaven upon me. I am trying to
crawl to the Lion, & the ground
is covered with sharp knives.
I cut myself at every inch.
And the voice comes: Why art
thou there also art here? Hast
thou not the sign of the number,
& the seal of the name, & the
ring of the eye. Thou wilt not.
And I answered, & said: I am
a creature of earth, & ye would
have me swim. And the voice
said: Thy fear is known; thine
if a name is known; thy weakness
is known, but thou art
nothing in this matter. Shall
the pain which is cast into
the earth by the hand of the
Sovereign Debate with itself,

me from invisible angels, so that I
am weighed down as with a
burden greater than the world.
I am altogether crushed. Great
mill-stones are hurled out of
heaven upon me. I am trying to
crawl to the lion, & the ground
is covered with sharp knives.
I cut myself at every inch.
And the voice comes: Why art
thou there who art here? Hast
thou not the sign of the number,
& the seal of the name, & the
ring of the eye. Thou wilt not.
And I answered & said: I am
a creature of earth, & ye would
have me swim. And the voice
said: Thy fear is known; thine
ignorance is known; thy weakness
is known, but thou art
nothing in this matter. Shall
the grain which is cast in to
the earth by the hand of the
sower debate within itself,

saying, am I oats or barley? Bond-
-slave of the curse, we give
nothing, we take all. Be thou
content. That which thou art,
thou art. Be content.

And now the lion passes
over through the Æthyr with the
crowned beast upon his back,
& the tail of the lion goes on
instead of stopping, & on each
hair of the tail is something
or other, - sometimes a little house,
sometimes a planet, at other
times a town. Then there's a
great plain with soldiers fighting
upon it, & an enormously high
mountain, carved into a thousand
temples, & more houses & fields,
& trees, & great cities, with
wonderful buildings in them,
statues & columns & public
buildings generally. This goes
on & on & on & on & on & on & on, -
all on the hairs of this lion's tail.

And then there's the tuft of
his tail, which is like a comet,
but the head is a new universe,
& each hair streaming away from
it is a Milky Way.

And the head's a pole,
sten gun, enormous, enormous,
bigger than all that universe is,
in silver armour, with a sword &
a pair of balance. That's only
vapor. All has gone into
stone-grey, blank.
There is nothing.

Sir el Hajj. Nov. 25, 1909.

8.40 - 9.40 p.m.

(There were two voices in all
this cry, one behind the other, - or,
one was the speech, and the other the
meaning. And the voice that was
the speech was simply a roaring, or
tremendous noise, like a mixture
of thunder, & water-falls &

And then there's the tuft of
his tail, which is like a comet,
but the head is a new universe,
& each hair streaming away from
it is a milky way.

And then there's a pale,
stern figure, enormous, enormous,
bigger than all that universe is,
in silver armour, with a sword &
a pair of balances. That's only
vague. All has gone into
stone-gray, blank.

There is nothing.

Ain el Hajel. Nov: 25, 1909.

8.340-9.340, p.m.

(There were two voices in all
this Cry, one behind the other, - or,
one was the speech, and the other the
meaning. And the voice that was
the speech was simply a roaring, one
tremendous noise, like a mixture
of thunder, & water-falls &

wild beats & bards & artillery.
But yet it was articulate, though I
can't tell you what a single word
was. But the meaning of the voice - the
secret voice - was quite silent, &
put the idea directly into the
brain of the Seer, as if by touch.
It is not certain whether the
will-stones & the sword - whether that
haunted upon him were not these very
sounds & ideas.]

wild beasts & bands & artillery.
And yet it was articulate, though I
can't tell you what a single word
was. But the meaning of the voice - the
second voice - was quite silent, &
put the ideas directly into the
brain of the Seer, as if by touch.
It is not certain whether the
mill-stones & the sword-strokes that
rained upon him were not these very
sounds & ideas.]

The cry of the next deity, which
is called N/A.

An Angel comes forward into the
store like a warrior clad in chain-
-armor. Upon his head are plumes
of fire, spread out like the fan of
a peacock. About his feet a
great army of scorpions & dragons,
lions, elephants, & many other
wild beasts. He stretches forth his
arms to heaven, & cries in the
crackling of the lightning, in the
rolling of the thunder, in the
clashing of the swords, & the
hurthing of the arrows: Be my name
exalted! And straight of fire come
out of the heaven, a pale brilliant
blue, like flames. And they
gather themselves, & settle upon
his lips. His lips are redder than
rose, & the blue flames gather
themselves into a blue rose, & from
beneath the petals of the rose come



The Cry of the 24th Æthyr, which
is called NIA.

An Angel comes forward into the
stone like a warrior clad in chain-
-armour. Upon his head are plumes
of gray, spread out like the fan of
a peacock. About his feet a
great army of scorpions & dogs,
lions, elephants, & many other
wild beasts. He stretches forth his
arms to heaven, & cries: in the
crackling of the lightning, in the
rolling of the thunder, in the
clashing of the swords, & the
hurling of the arrows: Be thy name
exalted! And streams of fire come
out of the heavens, a pale brilliant
blue, like plumes. And they
gather themselves & settle upon
his lips. His lips are redder than
roses, & the blue plumes gather
themselves into a blue rose, & from
beneath the petals of the rose come

bright-colored humming-birds, &
few falls from the rose-honey-colored
Jew. I stand in the shadow of it.
And a voice proceeds from the roll:
Come away! Our chariot is drawn
by Jove. Of mother-fear &
worry of our chariot. And the reins
hereof are the heart-strings of men.
Every moment that we fly shall
cover an aeon. And every place on
which we rest shall be a
young universe rejoicing in its
strength; the meadows hereof
shall be covered with flowers.
Here shall we rest but a night,
& in the morning we shall flee
away, comforted.

Now to my self I have
imagined the chariot of almighty
the voice spoke & I looked to see
also who with me in the
chariot. It was a ~~man~~ of
golden hair & golden skin,
whose eyes were bluer than the

brightly-coloured humming-birds, &
dew falls from the rose-honey-coloured
dew. I stand in the shower of it.

And a voice proceeds from the rose:

Come away! Our chariot is drawn
by doves. Of mother-of-pearl &
ivory is our chariot. And the reins
thereof are the heart-strings of men.

Every moment that we fly shall
cover an æon. And every place on
which we rest shall be a
young universe rejoicing in its
strength; the meadows thereof
shall be covered with flowers.

There shall we rest but a night,
& in the morning we shall flee
away, comforted.

Now, to myself, I have
imagined the Chariot of which
the voice spake, & I looked to see
who was with me in the
chariot. It was an Angel of
golden hair & golden skin,
whose eyes were bluer than the

sea, whose work was redder
than the fire, whose breath
was ambrosial air. Fairer than a
spider's web were her ~~the~~ robes.
And they were of the same colour.
All this I saw, & then he hid his
voice next to my & sweet: Come
away! The price of the journey is
little, though its name be death.
Thou shalt die to all that thou
lovest & hopest & hatest & lovest
& desirest, ~~and art~~. Yea! Thou
shalt die, even as thou wast did.
For all that thou lovest, thou
lovest not; all that thou art, thou
art not. **NENNI OFEKIFA**

**ANANAE LAIADA / MAELPERESI
NONUKA AFAPA ADAREPEHETA
PERESI ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE
OL ZODIR IDOIAN. And I said:
ODO KIKALE QAA. Why art thou
hid from me, whom I hear?
And the voice answered, & said unto
me; Hearing is of the spirit alone.**

sea, whose mouth was redder
 than the fire, whose breath
 was ambrosial air. Finer than a
 spider's web were her ~~se~~ robe.
 And they were of the seven colours.
 All this I saw; & then the hidden
 voice went on low & sweet: Come
 away! The price of the journey is
 little, though its name be death.
 Thou shalt die to all that thou
 fearest & hopest & hatest & lovest
 & thinkest, ~~se~~ and art. Yea! thou
 shalt die, even as thou must die.
 For all that thou hast, thou
 hast not; all that thou art, thou
 art not! NENNI OFEKUFA
 ANANAEL LAIADA I MAELPEREJI
 NONUKA AFAFA ADA~~P~~REPEHETA
 PEREGI ALADI NIISA NIISA LAPE
 OL ZODIR IDOIAN. And I said:
 ODO KIKALE QAA. Why art thou
 hidden from me, whom I hear?
 And the voice answered, & said unto
 me: Hearing is of the spirit alone.

Thou art a partaker of the fire-hot
mystery. Thou must roll up the
ten thousand ones like a scroll, &
fasten them from a star. Yet
must thou blot out the star in
the heart of Hadit. For the
blood of my heart is like a warm
bath of myth and autoerotic;
bathe thyself therein. The blood of
my heart is all gathered upon
my lips if I kiss thee. Burn in
my finger-tips if I caress thee,
burn in my womb when thou art
caught up into my bed. Night
are the stars; night is the sea;
night is the moon; night is the
voice of the ever-dying one, & the
echoes of his whisper are the
humors of the dissolution of
the world. But my silence is
mightier than they. Close up
the world like a weary
house; close up the book of the
recorder, & let the veil swallow

Thou art a partaker of the five-fold
mystery. Thou must roll up the
ten divine ones like a scroll, &
fashion therefrom a star. Yet
must thou blot out the star in
the heart of Hadit. For the
blood of my heart is like a warm
bath of myrrh and ambergris;
bathe thyself therein. The blood of
my heart is all gathered upon
my lips if I kiss thee. Burns in
my fingertips if I caress thee,
burns in my womb when thou art
caught up into my bed. Mighty
are the stars; mighty is the sun;
mighty is the moon; mighty is the
voice of the ever-living one, & the
echoes of his whisper are the
thunders of the dissolution of
the worlds. But my silence is
mightier than they. Close up
the worlds like unto a weary
house; close up the book of the
recorder, & let the veil swallow

up the shrine, for I am awash, O
my fair one, & there is no more
use of all these things. If I
put thee apart from me, it was
the joy of play, but not the end
of flowing. If the tide a wave
of the sea? Come! let us
mount unto built our Mother,
& be lost. Let being be emptied
in the infinite abyss. For by
the only shall thou mount; thou
hast more other ways than
mine.

All this while the Rose
has been shooting out blue
flames, convulsing like snakes
through the whole Air. And
the snakes have taken shapes
of virtues. One of them is:
Sylb umbra alarum tuarum
Adorai quies et felicitas.
And another: Summum bonum
vera sapientia magnanima vita
sub uotis uotis sunt. And

up the shrine, for I am arisen, O
my fair one, & there is no more
need of all these things. If I
put thee apart from me, it was
the joy of play. Is not the ebb
& flowing of the tide a music
of the sea? Come!, let us
mount unto Nuit our mother,
& be lost. Let being be emptied
in the infinite abyss. For by
me only shalt thou mount; thou
hast none other wings than
mine.

All this while the Rose
has been shooting out blue
flames, coruscating like snakes
through the whole Aire. And
the snakes have taken shapes
of sentences. One of them is:
Sub umbra alarum tuarum
Adonai quies et felicitas.
And another: Summum bonum
vera sapientia, magnanima vita
sub noctis nocte sunt. And

another is: Vera medicina est
vium mortis. And another is:
liberta evangelii per piam
legis ob gloriam dei in totam
ad vacuum nequaquam tendit.
And another is: Sub aqua lux
terrarum. And another is: Mens
est rerum cor ~~est~~ ^{umbra} rerum
intelligentia via summa. And
another is: Summa via lucis:
per Hephæstam undas regis. And
another is: Vir introit tumulum
regis invenit oleum lucis.

And all round the
whole of these things are the
letters TARO, but the light
is so dreadful that I cannot
read the words. I am going
to try again. All these serpents
are collected together very thickly
at the edges of the wheel, be-
-cause there are an innumerable
number of sentence. Ophi:
Tres annos regnum oraculi.

another is: Vera medicina est
vinum mortis. And another is:
Libertas evangelii per jugum
legis ob gloriam dei intactam
ad vacuum nequaquam tendit.
And another is: Sub aqua lex
terrarum. And another is: Mens
edax rerum cor ~~unde~~[?] umbra rerum
intelligentia via summa. And
another is: Summa via lucis:
per Hephaestum undas regas. And
another is: Vir introit etumulum
regis invenit oleum lucis.

And all round the
whole of these things are the
letters TARO, but the Light
is so dreadful that I cannot
read the words. I am going
to try again. All these serpents
are collected together very thickly
at the edges of the wheel, be-
-cause there are an innumerable
number of sentences. One is:
res annos regimen oraculi:

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And another is: *Terribili* and at
rex olium. And another is: Ter
amb- [amp?] (can't see it.) rosam oleo.
And another is: Tribus annis
re~~per~~ olium. And the whole
hand thing is that with those four
letters, you can get a complete
set of rules for doing everything,
both for white magic, & black.
And now I see the
heart of the rose again. I see
the face of him that is the
heart of the rose. And in the
glory of that face I am ended.
My eyes are fixed upon his
face: my being is sucked up
through my eyes into those eyes.
And I see through those eyes,
so! & now the universe like a living
spark of gold blown like a
tempest. I seem to suck
out again into him. My
consciousness fills the whole
Aether. I hear the cry NTA,

And another is: Terribilis ardet
rex olium. And another is: Ter
amb- [amp-?] (-can't see it) rosam oleo.
And another is: Tribus annulis
~~re-en-gna~~ olisbon. And the ~~whole~~
marvel ~~thing~~ is that with those four
letters you can get a complete
set of rules for doing everything,
both for white magic, & black.

And now I see the
heart of the rose again. I see
the face of him that is the
heart of the rose. And in the
glory of that face I am ended.
My eyes are fixed upon his
eyes; my being is sucked up
through my eyes into those eyes.
And I see through those eyes,
lo! & that the universe, like whirling
sparks of gold, blown like a
tempest. I seem to swell
out again into him. My
consciousness fills the whole
Æthyr. I hear the cry NIA,

tripping again & again from
within me. It sounds like
infinite music, & behind the
sound is the meaning of the
Aethyr. Again there are no words.

All this time, the
whirling sparks of gold go on,
& they're like blue sky, with a
lot of darker thin white clouds
in it, outside. And now I
see mountains round, far blue
mountains, purple mountains. And
if he upset is a little of the
fall of moss, which is all
sparkling with dew that drip,
from the rock. And I am
giving on that moss with my
face up! Drinking, drinking,
drinking, drinking, drinking of
the dew dew.

I cannot describe
to you the joy & the exhaustion
of everything that was, & the
creep of everything that is, for

ringing again & again from
within me. It sounds like
infinite music, & behind the
sound is the meaning of the
Æthyr. Again there are no words.

All this time the
whirling sparks of gold go on,
& they are like blue sky, with a
lot of rather thin white clouds
in it, outside. And now I
see mountains round, far blue
mountains, purple mountains. And
in the midst is a little green
dell of moss, which is all
sparkling with dew that drips
from the rose. And I am
lying on that moss with my
face upwards, drinking, drinking,
drinking, drinking, drinking of
the dew dew.

I cannot describe
to you the joy & the exhaustion
of everything that was, & the
energy of everything that is, for

it is only a corpse that is lying
on the cross. I am the soul
of the Petty.

Now it remembers
like the sword of archangel,
clashing upon the armour of the
pavement, & then seem to be
the blacksmiths of heaven beating
the steel of the words upon
the pavement of hell, to make a
road to the Petty.

For if the Great
Work were accomplished, & all
the Petrys were caught up into
one, then would the voice fail;
then would the voice be still.

Now all is gone from
the store.

Ain el Hajel. Nov: 16, 1901.
2 (ii) 3:25 p.m. ~~2 3 (ii) p.m.~~

it is only a corpse that is lying
on the moss. I am the soul
of the Æthyr.

Now it reverberates
like the swords of archangels,
clashing upon the armour of the
damned, & there seem to be
the blacksmiths of heaven beating
the steel of the worlds upon the
anvils of hell, to make a
roof to the Æthyr.

For if the Great
Work were accomplished, & all
the Æthyrs were caught up into
one, then would the vision fail;
then would the voice be still.

Now all is gone from
the stone.

Ain el Hajel. Nov: 26, 1909.

2(?) - 3:25 p.m. ~~2-3(?) p.m.~~

The cry of the 2300 Assyrians, which
is called TOR.

In the brightness of the store, are
these lights, brighter than all, which
renew ceaselessly. And now there is a
spider's web of silver, covering the whole
of the store. And behind the spider's web
is a star of twelve rays. And behind that
again, a black bull, furiously pawing up the
ground. The flames from his mouth
increase and whirl, & he cries: Behold
the mystery of toil, those who are taken
in the coils of mystery. For I also trample
the earth humbly make whirlpool in the
air: be comforted therefore, for though
I be black, in the roof of my mouth is
the sign of the beetle. But on the back
of my brethren; yet shall they gore
the lion with their horns. Have I not
the wings of the eagle, & the face of the
man?

And now he is turned into one
of those winged Assyrian bull-men.



The Cry of the 23rd Æthyr, which
is called TOR.

In the brightness of the stone, are
three lights, brighter than all, which
revolve ceaselessly. And now there is a
spider's web of silver, covering the whole
of the stone. And behind the spider's web
is a star of twelve rays. And behind that
again, a black bull, furiously pawing up the
ground. The flames from his mouth
increase and whirl, & he cries: Behold
the mystery of toil, o thou who art taken
in the toils of mystery. For I who trample
the earth thereby make whirlpools in the
air; be comforted therefore, for though
I be black, in the roof of my mouth is
the sign of the Beetle. Bent are the backs
of my brethren; yet shall they gore
the lion with their horns. Have I not
the wings of the eagle, & the face of the
man?

And now he is turned into one
of those winged Assyrian bull-men.

And he says: The spouse of the husbandman
is the Sceptre of the King. Still the
heavens behead me, they serve me. They
are my fields & my garden & my orchards &
my pastures. Glory be unto thee, who
didst set thy feet in the North; whose
forehead is fringed with the sharp points
of the diamonds in thy crown; whose
heart is fringed with the spear of thine
own fecundity. Thou art an egg of
blackness, & a worm of poison. But thou
hast fertilized my father, & made
fertile my mother. Thou art the
basilisk whose gaze turns men to stone.
And the cockatrice at the breast of an
warrior that quench death for milk.
Thou art the asp that hast stolen
into the cradle of the babe. Glory unto
thee, who art turned about the world as
the vine that drieth to the bare boughs
of a bacchanal. Also, though I be
flashed to fire upon the earth, yet
is my blood wine, & my bread fire of
maternal. With these wings, though they

And he says: The spade of the husbandman
is the sceptre of the King. All the
heavens beneath me, they serve me. They
are my fields & my gardens & my orchards &
my pastures. Glory be unto thee, who
didst set thy feet in the ðNorth; whose
forehead is pierced with the sharp points
of the diamonds in thy crown; whose
heart is pierced with the spear of thine
own fecundity. Thou art an egg of
blackness, & a worm of poison. But thou
hast formulated thy father, & made
fertile thy mother. Thou art the
basilisk whose gaze turns men to stone.
And the cockatrice at the breast of an
harlot that giveth death for milk.
Thou art the asp that has stolen
into the cradle of the babe. Glory unto
thee, who art twined about the world a
the vine that clingeth to the bare body
of a bacchanal. Also, though I be
planted so firmly upon the earth, yet
is my blood wine & my breath fire of
madness. With these wings, though they

be but little, I lift myself above the
crown of the god, & being without finis,
I yet swim in the inviolate fountain.
I support myself in the ruins of Eden,
even as Leviathan in the fabled sea,
being whole as the rock at the crown of
the cross. Come ye unto me, my children,
& be glad. At the end of Labour is
the power of Labour. And in my stability is
concentrated eternal change. For
the whirling of the universe are but
the course of the blood in my heart.
And the unperforable vaneity thereof is
but my ~~fiery~~ hairs & flame and
glow in my tall crown. The change
which ye lament is the life of my
rejoicing. And the sorrow that
blackens your hearts is the ungodly
deeds by which I am renewed. And
the instability which makes ye to fear,
is the little wavings of balance by
which I am assured.

And now the veil of
silver tissue-stuff draws over him,

be but little, I lift myself above the
crown of the yod, & being without fins,
I yet swim in the inviolate fountain.
I disport myself in the ruins of Eden,
even as Leviathan in the false sea,
being whole as the rose at the crown of
the cross. Come ye unto me, my children,
& be glad. At the end of labour is
the power of labour. And in my stability is
concentrated eternal change. For
the whirlings of the universe are but
the course of the blood in my heart.
And the unspeakable variety thereof is
but my divers hairs & plumes and
gems in my tall crown. The change
which ye lament is the life of my
rejoicing. And the sorrow that
blackeneth your hearts is the myriad
deaths by which I am renewed. And
the instability which maketh ye to fear,
is the little waverings of balance by
which I am assured.

And now the veil of
silver tissue-stuff closes over him,

+ above that, a purple veil, + above
that, a yellow veil. So that now the
whole stone is like a thick coat of
woven gold-wool, + there come forth,
one from each side of the stone, two
wolves, + grasp each other by both
heads, + kiss, + melt into one another,
+ melt away.* And now the veils
open again, the gold forth, the purple
forth, + the silver forth, + then is a
crowned Eagle, also like the
Assyrian eagles. And he cries:
All my strength + stability are turned
to the use of flight. For though my
wings are of fine gold, yet my heart
is the heart of a scorpion.
Stay unto me, also being born in
a stable didst make thee aware of
the filth thereof; also didst make
iniquity from the breast of thy

* There are intended to show
symbolically that the Bull is the same
as the Eagle.

& above that, a purple veil, & above that, a golden veil. So that now the whole stone is like a thick mat of woven gold-wires, & there come forth, one from each side of the stone, two women, & grasp each other by both hands, & kiss, & melt into one another, & melt away.* And now the veils open again, the gold parts, & the purple parts, & the silver parts, & there is a crowned eagle, also like the Assyrian eagles. And he cries:
All my strength & stability ~~is~~ are turned to the use of flight. For though my wings are of fine gold, yet my heart is the heart of a scorpion.
Glory unto thee, who being born in a stable didst make thee mirth of the filth thereof; also didst suck in iniquity from the breast of thy

* These are intended to show symbolically that the Bull is the same as the Eagle.

whether the world. also did not flood
with iniquity the 'bodies of the
carnal men. Nor did it lie in the
pill of the sheets with the dog;
Nor was tumbled & shamed &
wanton in a place where four roads
meet. There was the defiled, &
there was the slave, & there was
the left to rot. The dagger stroke
was thrust through my bowels, & the
parts were cut off & thrust into the
work for denials. All my unity is
dissolved; I live in the tips of my
feathers. That which I think to be
myself is but infinite number.
Glorify into the Rose & the Cross, for
the Cross is extended into the
utmost end beyond space & time
& being & knowledge & delight.
Glorify into the Rose that is the
minute point of its centre, even
as we say, glorify into the Rose that is
Nait, the circumference of self, &
glorify into the Cross that is the

mother the harlot; who didst flood
with iniquity the bodies of thy
concubines. Thou didst lie in the
filth of the streets with the dogs;
thou wast tumbled & shameless &
wanton in a place where four roads
meet. There wast thou defiled, &
there wast thou slain, & there wast
thou left to rot. The charred stake
was thrust through thy bowels, & thy
parts were cut off, & thrust into thy
mouth for derision. All my unity is
dissolved; I live in the tips of my
feathers. That which I think to be
myself is but infinite number.

Glory unto the Rose & the Cross, for
the Cross is extended unto the
uttermost end beyond space & time
& being & Knowledge & delight.

Glory unto the Rose that is the
minute point of its center, even
as we say, glory unto the Rose that is
Nuit, the circumference of all, &
glory unto the Cross that is the

heart of the Rose. Therefore do I
 cry aloud, & my scream is the
 battle & the bellowing of the bull is
 the bass. Peace is the highest,
 Peace is the lowest, & Peace is the
 midst of things. Peace is the right
 quarters. Peace is the ten points
 of the Pentagram. Peace is the
 twelve rays of the Seal of Solomon, &
 Peace is the four - & - thirty alinking, &
 the hammer of Thor. Behold! &
 blaze upon the light the eagle is going; it
 is only a flaming long cross, of
 white brilliance. Call thee up at
 haptun. ~~For~~ FALUTLI, FALUTLI.
 ... it dies & it dies.

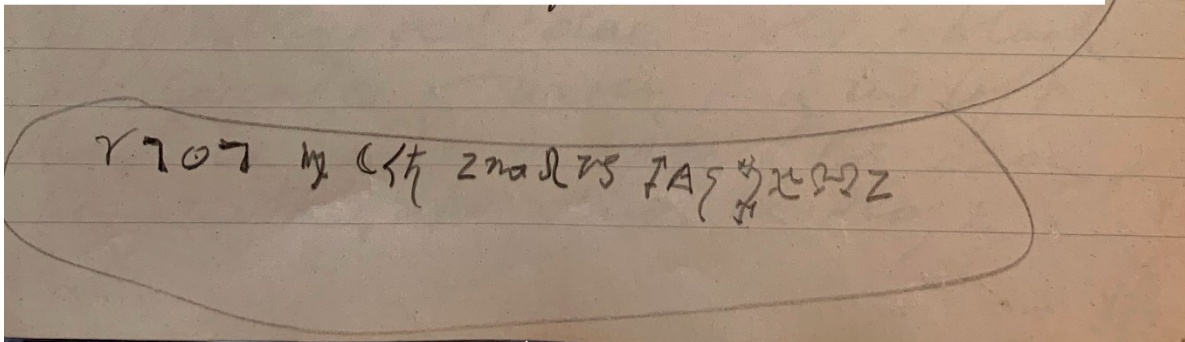
Br. Sada. Nov. 28, 1909.
 9.20 - 10.15, a.m.

Y 707 M C 57 2nd 75 7A 5 3 2 2 2

heart of the Rose. Therefore do I
cry aloud, & my scream is the
treble as the bellowing of the bull is
the bass. Peace in the highest &
peace in the lowest, & peace in the
midst thereof. Peace in the eight
quarters. Peace in the ten points
of the Pentagram. Peace in the
twelve rays of the Seal of Solomon, &
peace in the four- & -thirty whirlings of
the hammer of Thor. Behold! I
blaze upon thee. [The eagle is gone; it
is only a flaming Rosy Cross, of
white brilliance.] I catch thee up into
rapture. ~~For~~ FALUTLI, FALUTLI.
. O it ~~He~~ it dies.

Bou Sâada. Nov: 28, 1909.

9.30-10.15 a.m.



The City of the 22nd Century, which
is called L.I.N.

There comes first into the store the
mystic table of forty-nine squares.
It is surrounded by an innumerable
company of angels; these angels are of
all kinds, - some brilliant & flashing
as gods, & some to elemental creatures.
The light comes & goes on the tablet,
& now it's steady, & I perceive that
each letter of the tablet is composed of
forty-nine other letters, is a language
which looks like that of Hieroglyphs, but
when I ^{try to} read, the letter that I look at
becomes indistinct at once, & now there
comes an Angel, & lifts the tablet with
his mighty wing. This Angel has all
the colours mingled in his dress; his
head is proud & beautiful; his head-dress
is of silver & red & blue & gold & black,
like cascades of water, & in his left
hand he has a four-pipe of the sweet
holy metals, upon which he plays. /

The Cry of the 22nd Æthyr, which
is called LIN.

There comes first into the stone the
mysterious table of forty-nine squares.
It is surrounded by an innumerable
company of angels; these angels are of
all kinds, - some brilliant & flashing
as gods, down to elemental creatures.
The light comes & goes on the tablet,
& now it's steady, & I perceive that
each letter of the tablet is composed of
forty-nine other letters, in a language
which looks like that of Honorius. But
when I would read, the letter that I look at
becomes indistinct at once, & now there
comes an Angel, & hides the tablet with
his mighty wing. This Angel has all
the colours mingled in his dress; his
head is proud & beautiful; his headdress
is of silver & red & blue & gold & black,
like cascades of water, & in his left
hand he has a pan-pipe of the seven
holy metals, upon which he plays. I

Cannot tell you how wonderful the
music is, but it is so wonderful that
one only lives in one's ears; one cannot
see anything any more. Now he stops
playing, & moves with his finger in the
air. His finger leaves a trail of fire
of every colour, so that the whole air
is become like a web of mingled lights.
But through it all, drops fall. (I can't
describe these drops at all. They don't
represent what I mean in the least. For
instance, these drops of fire are enormous
globes, shining like the full moon;
or perfectly transparent as well as
perfectly luminous.) And now he shows
the tablet again, & he says: So there
are 49 letters in the tablet, so are
there 49 kinds of Cosmos in every
thought of God. And there are 49
interpretations of every Cosmos, & each
interpretation is manifested in 49 ways.
Thus also are the calls 49, but to
each call there are 49 visions. And
each vision is composed of 49 elements,

cannot tell you how wonderful the music is, but it is so wonderful that one only lives in one's ears; one cannot see anything any more. Now he stops playing, & moves with his finger in the air. His finger leaves a trail of fire of every colour, so that the whole air is become like a web of mingled lights. But through it all, drops dew. (I can't describe these things at all; dew doesn't represent what I mean in the least. For instance, these drops of dew are enormous globes, shining like the full moon; only perfectly transparent as well as perfectly luminous.) And now he shows the tablet again, & he says: As there are 49 letters in the tablet, so are there 49 kinds of cosmos in every thought of ġGod. And there are 49 interpretations of every cosmos, & each interpretation is manifested in 49 ways. Thus also are the calls 49, but to each call these are 49 visions. And each vision is composed of 49 elements,

Heapt in the 10th Act, that is
adversed, & that both 42.

All this while, the
New-Pros have turned into cascade
of joy, fierer than the eyelashes of
a little child. And though the
heart of the Lady, is so enormous,
one perceives each hair separate,
as well as the whole hair and
man. And now there is a mighty
concourse of Angels, rushing towards
us from every side, & they meet
upon the surface of the egg, in which
I am standing, is the form of the God
Kneeph. So that the surface of the
egg is all one, dazzling blaze of
linguist light. I now I wore
up against the Tablets. I cannot tell
you with what rapture. And all
the names of God, that are not known
even to the angels, doth me
about.

All the seven senses are
transmuted into one sense, & that

except in the 10th Æthyr, that is
accursèd, & that hath 42.

All this while, the
dew-drops have turned into cascades
of gold, finer than the eye-lashes of
a little child. And though the
extent of the Æthyr is so enormous,
one perceives each hair separately,
as well as the whole thing at
once. And now there is a mighty
concourse of angels, rushing
toward me from every side, & they melt
upon the surface of the egg, in which
I am standing in the form of the god
Kneph, so that the surface of the
egg is all one dazzling blaze of
liquid light. & now I move
up against the Tablet. I cannot tell
you with what rapture. And all
the names of God, that are not known
even to the angels, clothe me
about.

All the seven senses are
transmuted into one sense, & that

sense is perceived in itself. --- [Here I found]

Let me speak, O God;
let me declare it.

--- all?] It is useless; my heart fails,
my breath stops. There is no link between
me & the ^{personally} ~~Divine~~. I withdraw myself.

I see the Table again. [He was
believed the Table for a very long time.]
And all the Table burns with
a blinding light; there has been no
such light in any of the Acts &
until now. And now the Table
draws me back into itself; I am
no more.

My arms were out in
the form of a Cross, & that
Cross was extended, blazing
with light, into infinity. I myself
am the uninterfered point in it.

This is the Birth of
Form:-

I am encircled by
an immense sphere of many-coloured
beats; it seems it is the sphere

sense is dissolved in itself . [Here ✂ occurs]

Let me speak, O God;
let me declare it.

All [✂] ✂] It is useless; my heart faints,
my breath stops. There is no link between
me & ~~the Ruach~~ Perdurabo. I withdraw myself.
I see the table again. [He was
behind the table for a very long time. -(O.V.)]
And all the table burns with
intolerable light; there has been no
such light in any of the Æthyrs
until now. And now the Table
draws me back into itself; I am
no more.

My arms were out in
the form of a cross, & that
Cross was extended, blazing
with light, into infinity. I myself
am the minutest point in it.

This is the Birth of
Form:-

I am encircled by
an immense sphere of many-coloured
bands; it seems it is the sphere

of the Sephiroth, projected in the
three dimensions, ^{this is} the birth of
Kabb. Now in the centre within
me is a glowing sun: that is the
birth of hell. Now all that is
swept away, washed by the Table
away. It is the work of the Table
to sweep everything away. It is
the letter L in this Aethyr that
gives this vision, & L is its faculty,
& N is its energy. Now everything
is confused, for I invoked the spirit
that is destruction. Every Adept
who beholds this vision is corrupted
by mind. Yet it is by virtue of
mind that he endures it, &
passes on, if so be that he pass on.
Yet there is nothing higher than
this, for it is perfectly balanced in
itself. I cannot read a word
of the Holy Table, for the letters of
the Table are all wrong. They
are only the shadows of shadows.
And who so behold this Table

of the Sephiroth projected in the three dimensions. This is the birth of death. Now in the centre within me is a glowing sun. That is the birth of hell. Now all that is swept away, washed away by the Table ~~away~~. It is the virtue of the Table to sweep everything away. It is the letter I in this Æthyr that gives this vision, & L is its purity, & N is its energy. Now everything is confused, for I invoked the Mind that is disruption. Every Adept who beholds this vision is corrupted by mind. Yet it is by virtue of mind that he endures it, & passes on, if so be that he pass on. Yet there is nothing higher than this, for it is perfectly balanced in itself. I cannot read a word of the holy Table, for the letters of the Table are all wrong. They are only the shadows of shadows. And whoso beholdeth this Table

with his rapture, is light. The
true word for 'light' hath seven
letters. They are the same as
ARARITA, transcribed.

There is a veil in this
Aether, but it cannot be spoken.
The only way one can represent it
is ^{as} a ceaseless fluctuating of the
word Amen. It's not a repetition
of Amen, because there's no time.
It is one Amen, continuous.

Shall mine eye fall
before thy glory? I am the eye.
That is why the eye is seventy.
You can never understand why, except
in this vision.

And now the Table
rises from us; far, far, for it goes
streaming with light. But there
are two black angels, bending over
us, covering us with their wings,
shutting us up into the darkness, &
I am lying in the fastos of our Father
Christian Rosakrants, beneath the

with this rapture, is light. The
true word for light hath seven
letters. They are the same as
ARARITA, transmuted.

There is a voice in this
Æthyr, but it cannot be spoken.
The only way one can represent it
is as a ceaseless thundering of the
word Amen. It's not a repetition
of Amen, because there's no time.
It is one Amen, continuous.

Shall mine eye fade
before thy glory? I am the eye.
That is why the eye is seventy.
You can never understand why, except
in this vision.

And now the Table
recedes from me. Far, far it goes,
streaming with light. And there
are two black angels, bending over
me, covering me with their wings;
shutting me up into the darkness, &
I am lying in the Pastos of our Father
Christian Rosenkreutz, beneath the

Table, in the Vault of Sever
Sides. And I hear these words:

The voice of the Crowned Child,
The speech of the Babe that is hidden
in the eye of Blue. [Before me is
a flaming Rosy Cross.] I have
opened mine eye, & the universe
is revealed before me, for force
is mine upper eye-lid, & matter is
my lower eye-lid. I gaze ~~upon~~ into
the Seven Spas, & there is naught.

The rest of it comes without
words.

(And then again) I have you, fort to war,
& I have slain him that sat
upon the sea, crowned with the
winds. I put forth my power, &
he was broken. I withdrew my
power, & he was ground into fine
dust. Seize me with me, O ye
Sons of the Roving; stand with
me upon the Throne of Lotus;
gather yourselves up unto me, &
we shall play together in the

Table, in the Vault of Seven
Sides. And I hear these words:

The voice of the Crowned Child,
the Speech of the Babe that is hidden
in the Egg of Blue. [Before me is
the flaming Rosy Cross.] I have
opened mine eye, & the universe
is dissolved before me, for force
is mine upper eye-lid, & matter is
my lower eye-lid. I gaze ~~upon~~ into
the Seven Space, & there is naught.

The rest of it comes without
words.

(and then again) I have gone forth to war,
& I have slain him that sat
upon the sea, crowned with the
winds. I put forth my power. &
he was broken. I withdrew my
power, & he was ground into fine
dust. Rejoice with me, O ye
Sons of the Morning; stand with
me upon the Throne of Lotus;
gather yourselves up unto me, &
we shall play together in the

fields of light. I have passed
into the Kingdom of the West after
my Father. Behold! where are
now the Darkness & the terror &
the lamentation? For ye are
born into the new dawn; ye shall
not suffer death. Build up your
quivers of gold. Adorn yourselves
with garlands of my unfading
flowers. In the night when we will
dance together, & in the morning
we will go forth to war, for, as
my Father lived that was Red,
so do I live, & shall never die.

And now the table
comes rushing back; it covers
the whole store but this time it
pushes me before it, & a terrible
cry cries! Before! That hat
before the crystal; that hat
before the silver-bowl; that hat
before the consecrated wine! -
Before! For the voice is
accomplished. Before! For

Fields of light. I have passed
into the Kingdom of the West after
my Father. Behold! where are
now the darkness & the terror &
the lamentation? For ye are
born into the new Æon: ye shall
not suffer death. Bind up your
girdles of gold. Wreathe yourselves
with garlands of my unfading
flowers. In the nights ~~when~~ we will
dance together, & in the morning
we will go forth to war, for, as
my Father liveth that was dead,
so do I live, & shall never die.

And now the Table
comes rushing back; it covers
the whole stone, but this time it
pushes me before it, & a terrible
voice cries: Begone! Thou hast
profaned the mystery; thou hast
eaten of the shew-bread; thou hast
spilt the consecrated wine! -
Begone! For the Voice is
accomplished. Begone! For

that which was open is shut.
And thou shalt not avail to open
it, saving by virtue of him whose
name is One, whose spirit is One,
& whose indwelling is One, &
whose permeation is One;
whose light is One, whose life
is One, whose love is One. For
though thou art joined to the
inmost mystery of the heavens, thou
must accomplish the sacred
task of the earth, ~~even~~ as thou
sawest the Angels, from the
greatest unto the least. And
of all this, shalt thou take
back with thee but a little part,
for the sense shall be darkened, &
the spirit revealed. Yet know
this for thy reproof, & for the
stirring up of discontent in
them whose sorrows are of birth,
that in every word of this vision
is concealed the key of many
mysteries, even of being, & of knowledge.

that which was open is shut.
And thou shalt not avail to open
it, saving by virtue of him whose
name is one, whose spirit is one,
& whose individuum is one, &
whose permutation is one;
whose light is one, whose life
is one, whose love is one. For
though thou art joined to the
inmost mystery of the heaven, thou
must accomplish the sevenfold
task of the earth, even ~~e~~Even as thou
sawest the Angels, from the
greatest unto the least. And
of all this shalt thou take
back with thee but a little part,
for the sense shall be darkened, &
the shrine reveiled. Yet know
this for thy reproof, & for the
stirring up of discontent in
them whose swords are of lath,
that in every word of this vision
is concealed the key of many
mysteries, even of being, & of knowledge,

+ of bliss; of will, of counsel, of
wisdom, & of silence, and of that
which, being all these, is greater
than all these. Beyond! For the
night of life is falling upon thee.
And the veil of light which thou
wilt see.

With that, I suddenly
see the world as it is, & I am
very sorrowful. ~~There must be some~~
~~reason, [] why you can't stay here.~~
~~Oh, just like says so; the sense is~~
~~darkened.~~

Box - Saada, Nov: 28, 1909.
4(?) - 6, fm.

[Note: - you don't come back in
anyway faced; it's like going from one
room into another. Repaired a small
consciousness completely & immediately.]

& of bliss; of will, of courage, of
wisdom, and of silence, and of that
which, being all these, is greater
than all these. Begone! For the
night of life is fallen upon thee.
And the veil of light hideth that
which is.

With that, I suddenly
see the world as it is, & I am
very sorrowful. ~~There must be some~~
~~reason, [—], why you can't stay here.~~
~~Oh, yes! He says so; the sense is~~
~~darkened.~~

Bou-Saada. Nov: 28, 1909.

4(?)–6, pm.

[Note: - You don't come back in
anyway dazed; it is like going from one
room into another. Regained normal
consciousness completely & immediately.]

^{in the evening}
Composing myself to sleep (after this Belluys)

was shown a great & fortified city - temple
upon a mountain. Rather like a mixture
of Abu-Simbel & Lhasa.

in the evening
Composing myself to sleep (after this Aethyr)

I was shewn a great fortified entry-temple
upon a mountain rather like a mixture
of Abu-Simmel & Lhasa.

The City of the 21st Century, which
is called ASP.

A mighty wind rose through all
the City; there is a sense of absolute
emptiness; no colour, no form, no substance.
Only light & then there seem as it were
the shadows of great angels swept
along. No sound. There's something
very remarkable about the wind; form-
less, that is very terrible. In a way,
it's nerve-shaking. It seems as if
something kept on trying to open behind
the wind, & just as it's about to open,
the effort's exhausted. The wind is
not cold & hot. There's no sense of any
kind connected with it. One does it even
feel it, for one is standing in front of
it. Now, the thing opens behind, just
for a second, & I catch a glimpse
of an avenue of pillars, &
at the end of those, supported by
sphinxes. All this is black
marble. Now I seem to hear



The Cry of the 21st Æthyr, which
is called ASP.

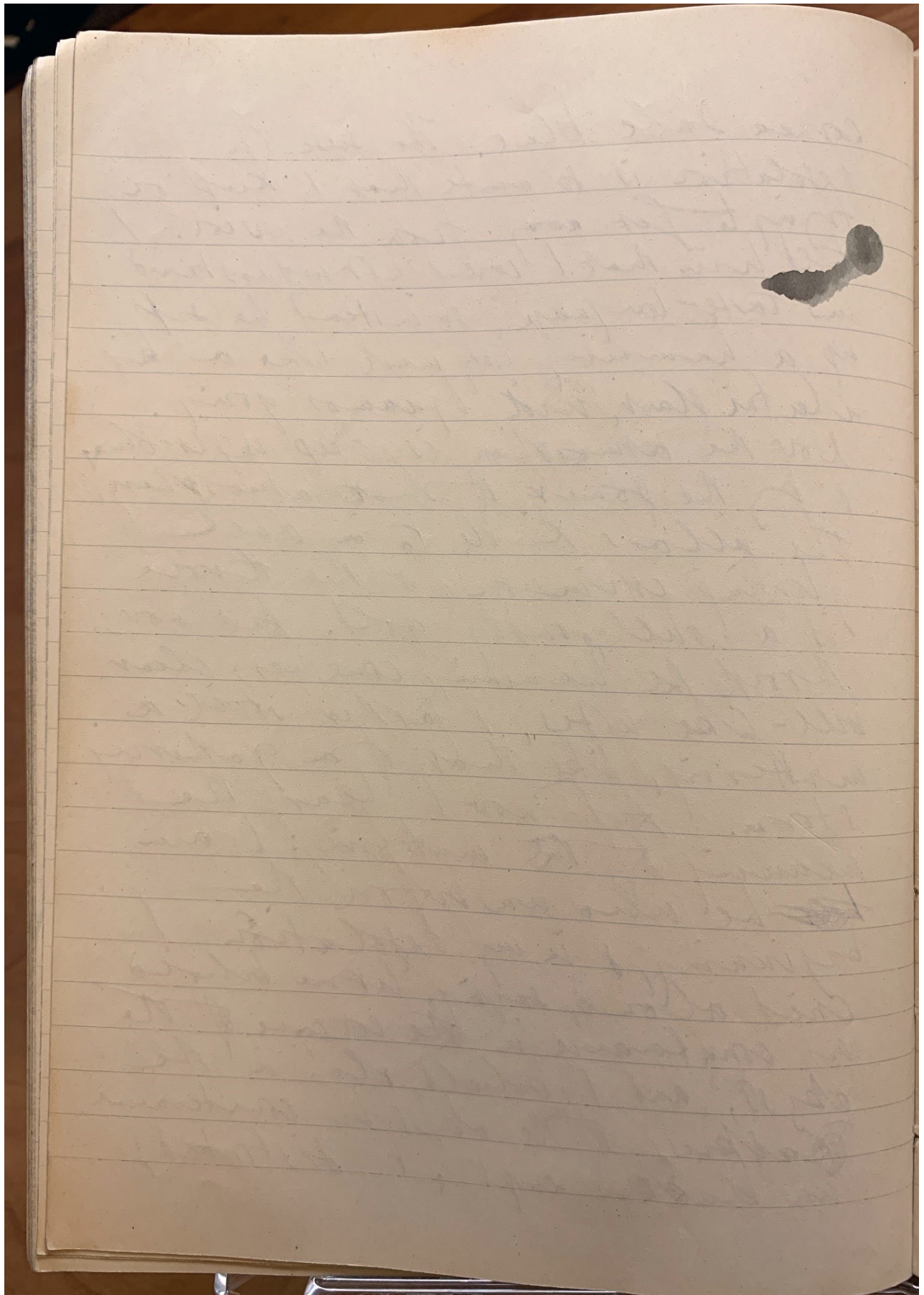
A mighty wind rolls through all
the Æthyr; there is a sense of absolute
emptiness; no colour, no form, no substance.
Only now & then there seem as it were
the shadows of great angels, swept
along. No sound. There's something
very remorseless about the wind, passion-
-less, that is very terrible. In a way,
it's nerve-shaking. It seems as if
something kept on trying to open behind
the wind, & just as it is about to open,
the effort's exhausted. The wind is
not cold or hot; there's no sense of any
kind connected with it. One does not even
feel it, for one is standing in front of
it. Now, the thing opens behind, just
for a second, & I catch a glimpse
of an avenue of pillars, &
at the end a throne, supported by
sphinxes. All this is black
marble. Now I seem to have

gore through the wind, & to be stan-
-ding before the house; but he that
sits there is invisible. Yet it is
from him that all this isolation
proceeds. He is trying to make us
understand by putting taste in my
mouth, very kindly one after the other.
Salt, honey, sugar, a sweetish bit -
-men, honey again, some taste that I
don't know at all; garhi, something
very bitter, like raw yucca, another
taste, still more bitter; lemon,
cloves, rose-leaves, honey again; the
juice of some plant, like a dark-
-lion, I think; honey again, salt,
a taste something like phosphorus,
honey, laurel, a very unpleasant taste,
which I don't know, coffee, then a
burning taste, then a sour taste, that
I don't know. All these tastes issue
from his eye; he ~~kind of~~ signals
them. I can see his eye now. They
are very round, perfectly black
pupils, perfectly white iris, & the

gone through the wind, & to be standing before the throne; but he that sitteth thereon is invisible. Yet it is from him that all this desolation proceeds. He is trying to make me understand by putting tastes in my mouth, very rapidly one after the other. Salt, honey, sugar, assafoetida, bitumen, honey again, some taste that I don't know at all; garlic, something very bitter, like nux vomica, another taste, still more bitter; lemon, cloves, rose-leaves, honey again; the juice of some plant, like a dandelion, I think; honey again, salt, a taste something like phosphorus, honey, laurel, a very unpleasant taste which I don't know, coffee, then a burning taste, then a sour taste that I don't know. All these tastes issue from his eyes; he ~~kind of~~ signals them. I can see his eyes now. They are very round, perfectly black pupils, perfectly white iris, & the

cornea pale blue. The sense of
desolation is so acute that I keep on
trying to get away from the vision. I
told him that I could not understand
his taste-language, so instead he set
up a humming, very much like a big
electric fan, with tremors going.
Now the atmosphere is deep violet-blue
& by the power of that atmosphere,
the pillars kindle to a dull
glowing crimson, & the throne
is a dull, muddied gold. And now,
through the humming, come very clear
bell-like notes, & farther still a
muttering, like that of a gathering
storm. And now I hear the
meaning of the muttering: I am
~~the~~ he who was before the
beginning, & in my desolation I
cried aloud, saying, let me behold
my countenance in the corner of the
abyss, and I beheld, & lo! in the
darkness of the abyss my countenance
was black, & empty, & distorted;

cornea pale blue. The sense of
desolation is so acute that I keep on
trying to get away from the vision. I
told him that I could not understand
his taste-language, so instead he set
up a humming very much like a big
electric plant, with dynamos going.
Now the atmosphere is deep night-blue,
& by the power of that atmosphere,
the pillars kindle to a dull
glowing crimson, & the throne
is a dull, ruddy gold. And now,
through the humming, come very clear
bell-like notes, & farther still a
muttering, like that of a gathering
storm. And now I hear the
meaning of the muttering: I am
~~For~~ he who was before the
beginning, & in my desolation I
cried aloud, saying, let me behold
my countenance in the concave of the
abyss, and I beheld, & lo! in the
Darkness of the abyss my countenance
was black, & empty, & distorted;



(one) invisible
that was ~~invisible~~, & false. Then I closed
mine eye, that I might not behold
it, & for this was it fixed. Now it is
written, that one glance of my mine
eye shall destroy it. And mine eye
I dare not open, because of the
foulness of the vision. Therefore
so I gaze with these two eyes
throughout the day. Is there not
one of all my adepts that shall
come unto me, & cut off mine
eye-lids, that I may behold &
destroy? Now I take a dagger,
& searching out his third eye, seek
to cut off the eye-lids, but they
are adamant. And the edge
of the dagger is turned. And tears
drop from his eye, & there is a
mournful voice; so it hath been
ever; so must it ever be! Though
thou hast the strength of five bulls,
thou shalt not avail in this. And I
said to him: Who shall avail?
And he answered me: I know not.

that was (once) ~~invisible~~ invisible, & pure. Then I closed
mine eye, that I might not behold
it, & for this was it fixed. Now it is
written, that one glance of mine
eye shall destroy it. And mine eye
I dare not open, because of the
foulness of the vision. Therefore
do I gaze with these two eyes
throughout the æon. Is there not
one of all my adepts that shall
come unto me, & cut off mine
eye-lids, that I may behold &
destroy? Now I take a dagger,
& searching out his third eye, seek
to cut off the eye-lids, but they
are of adamant. And the edge
of the dagger is turned. And tears
drop from his eyes, & there is a
mournful voice; So it hath been
ever; so must it ever be! Though
thou hast the strength of five bulls,
thou shalt not avail in this. And I
said to him: Who shall avail?
And he answered me: I know not.

But the daffers of penance thou shalt
sharper sever times, afflicting the sever
course ~~of the~~ ^{of the} soul. But thou shalt
sharper its edge sever times by the
sever ordeal.

[ore keeps on looking
round to try & find something else,
because of the terror of it. But
nothing changes at all. Nothing
but the capt thore, & the eye, & the
measure of pillars.] And I said to
him: O thou that art the first
countenance before time; thou of
whom it is written that ~~the~~ God,
is one, he is the eternal one,
without equal, son, or companion.
Nothing shall stand before his
face. All we have heard of thine
infinite glory & holiness, of thy beauty
& majesty, & behold! there is nothing
but his abomination & desolation.
He speaks; I cannot bear a word;
something about the book of the law.
The last we see written is the Book of

But the dagger of penance thou shalt
temper seven times, afflicting the seven
courses ~~of thy~~ of thy soul. And thou shalt
sharpen its edge seven times by the
seven ordeals.

[One keeps on looking
round to try to find something else
because of the terror of it. But
nothing changes at all. Nothing
but the empty throne, & the eyes, & the
avenue of pillars!] And I said to
him: O thou that art the first
countenance before time; thou of
whom it is written that ~~h~~He, God,
is one, he is the eternal one,
without equal, son, ~~&or~~ companion.
Nothing shall stand before his
face. All we have heard of thine
infinite glory & holiness, of thy beauty
& majesty, & behold! There is nothing
but this abomination of desolation.
He speaks; I cannot hear a word;
something about the Book of the Law.
The answer is written in the Book of

the law, & something of that sort.
This is a long speech; all I can
hear is: From me forth down from
the firm of life & increase continually
upon the earth. From me forth down
the rivers of water & oil & wine.
From me cometh forth the wind that
beareth the seed of wheat, flowers &
fruits & all herbs upon its bosom.
From me cometh forth the earth in her
unspeakable variety. See! All
cometh from me; naught cometh to me.
Therefore am I lonely & horrible ^{up} for
this ~~inexpressible~~ ^{unexpressible} throne. Only those who
accept nothing from me can bring anything
to me. He goes on speaking again; I
can't hear a word. I must have got
about a twentieth of what he
said. And I say to him: We
~~are~~ are wretched that his name is
silence. But thou speakest continually.
And he answers: Nay. He ~~writes~~ ^{writes} is
that thou hearst is not my voice. It
is the voice of the ap. When I say that

the Law, or something of that sort.
This is a long speech; all that I can
hear is: From me pour down ~~down~~
the fires of life & increase continually
upon the earth. From me flow down
the rivers of water & oil & wine.
From me cometh forth the wind that
beareth the seed of trees & flowers &
fruits & all herbs upon its bosom.
From me cometh forth the earth in her
unspeakable variety. Yea! All
cometh from me, naught cometh to me.
Therefore am I lonely & horrible upon ~~upon~~
this ~~brothers~~ unprofitable throne. Only those who
accept nothing from me can bring anything
to me. He goes on speaking again; I
can't hear a word. I must have got
about a twentieth of what he
said. And I say to him: It
~~now~~ was written that his name is
Silence. But thou speakest continually.
And he answers: Nay. The muttering
that thou hearest is not my voice. It
is the voice of the ape. When I say that

he answers, it means that it's the same
voice. The being or the person has not
uttered a word. ~~He~~ I say: O that
that one that speaks for him
whose name is silence, how shall
I know that that speaker truly his
thought? & the muttering continues;
nor speaks he, nor thinks. So that
which I say is true, because I lie,
speaking his thoughts. He

He goes on, nothing
stops him at all, muttering so far &
that I cannot hear him at all.

Nor the muttering has
ceased, or is overbalanced by the
bells, & the bells in their turn are
overbalanced by the whispering, & now the
whispering is overbalanced by the
silence. & the blue light is
gone, & the throne & the pillars
are returned to blackness. The
eyes of him that sit upon the
throne are no more visible.

I seek to go up close

he answers, it means that it is the same voice. The being on the throne hasn't uttered a word. ~~& so~~ I say: O ~~that~~ thou ape that speakest for him whose name is silence, how shall I know that thou speakest truly his thought? & the muttering continues; Nor speaketh he nor thinketh. So ~~&~~ that which I say is true, because I lie, in speaking his thoughts.

He goes on, nothing stops him ~~at all~~, muttering so fast that I cannot hear him at all.

Now the muttering has ceased, or is overwhelmed by the bells, & the bells in their turn are overwhelmed by the whirring, & now the whirring is overwhelmed by the silence. & the blue light is gone, & the throne & the pillars are returned to blackness, & the eyes of him that sitteth upon the throne are no more visible.

I seek to go up close

to the throne, & I am pushed back,
because I cannot give the sign.
I have given all the signs I know, &
am entitled to, & I have tried to give
the sign that I know, & am not
entitled to, but have not the
necessary appearance & even if I
had, it would be useless, for there
are two more signs necessary.

I find that I was
wrong in suggesting that a Master of
the Temple had a right to enter
the temples of a Royal or an
Imperial. On the contrary, the
rule that holds below, holds also
above. The higher you go, the
greater is the distance from one
grade to another. & I am
being slowly pushed backward,
down the avenue, out into the wind.

In this trial I am caught up by
the wind, & whirled away down it
like a dead leaf. And a great
April snarl through the wind, &

to the throne, & I am pushed back,
because I cannot give the sign.

I have given all the signs I know &
am entitled to, & I have tried to give
the sign that I know, & am not
entitled to, but have not the
necessary appurtenance; & even if I
had, it would be useless; for there
are two more signs necessary.

I find that I was
wrong in suggesting that a Master of
the Temple had a right to enter
the temple of a Magus or an
Ipsissimus. On the contrary, the
rule that holds below, holds also
above. The higher you go, the
greater is the distance from one
grade to another. & I am
being slowly pushed backwards
down the avenue, out into the wind.

& this time I am caught up by
the wind, & whirled away down it
like a dead leaf. And a great
Angel sweeps through the wind, &

Cables hold of me, & bear me
up against it. So he sets me
down on the further side of the wind,
& he whispers in my ear: So thou
fallest into the world, O thou & four
times blessed, who hast gazed upon
the honor of the forebears of ~~the~~ first.
No man shall look upon his face &
live. And thou hast seen his eyes,
& understood his heart, for the
voice of the ape is the pulse of his
heart, & the labouring of his
breast. So, therefore, & rejoice,
for thou art the prophet of the
age arising, wherein he is not.
Give thou praise unto thy lady, ^{which}
& unto her lord. Had it, that one
for thee & thy wife, & the winners of
the ordeal x.

And with that, we
are come to the wall of the Achys, &
there is a little narrow gate, &
he pushes me through it, & I am
safely in the forest.

The forest, near *Br. Jasta. Nov. 29, 1909.
1.30 - 2.50, p.m.

catches hold of me, & bears me
up against it. & he sets me
down on the hither side of the wind,
& he whispers in my ear: Go thou
forth into the world, O thrice & four
times blessed who hast gazed upon
the horror of the loneliness of ~~the~~ ~~First~~.

No man shall look upon his face &
live. And thou hast seen his eyes,
& understood his heart, for the
voice of the ape is the pulse of his
heart, & the labouring of his
breast. Go, therefore, & rejoice,
for thou art the prophet of the
Æon arising, wherein ~~h~~He is not.
Give thou praise unto thy lady ~~Nuite~~, Nuit,
& unto her lord Hadit, that are
for thee & thy bride, & the winners of
the ordeal X.

And with that, we
are come to the wall of the Æthyr, &
there is a little narrow gate, &
he pushes me through it, & I am
suddenly in the desert.

The desert, near *Bou-Saada. Nov: 29, 1909.

1.30-2.50 p.m. .

*

This night I took the Shew-stone to my breast
to sleep, and immediately a Dhyanā arose
of the Sun, seen more clearly afterward as
the Star. Exceeding was its brilliance.

*

This night I took the shew-stone to my breast
to sleep, and immediately a Dhyana arose
of the Sun, seen more clearly afterward as
the Star. Exceeding was its brilliance

And then, feeling the
store, called the
the worker like a rope
a rather and now there
worker. And now feeling
of white apples feeling
pale and discolored. And
apples are and - apples
And these cause all
one, so that there is
confusion of images.
That all these things
wheel, for they all
is a wheel that is
velocity. It has no

The City of the 20th Century, which
is called K.H.R.

The dew that was upon the face of the
stone is gone, & it is become like a face of
clear golden water. And now the light
is come into the Ross, Cross. For all
that I see is the night, with the stars
Mercuri, as they appear through a telescope.
And then cometh a peacock into the
stone, filling the whole fire. It is like
the vision called the Universal peacock,
or rather like a representation of that
vision. And now there are countless clouds
of white angels filling the fire as the
peacock dissolves. And now behind the
angels are arch-angels with trumpets.
And these cause all things to appear at
once, so that there is a tremendous
confusion of images. And now I perceive
that all these things are but veils of the
Wheel, for they all gather themselves
into a wheel that spins with incredible
velocity. It hath many colours, but all

The Cry of the 20th Æthyr, which
is called KHR.

The dew that was upon the face of the
stone is gone, & it is become like a pool of
clear golden water. And now the light
is come into the Rosy Cross. Yet all
that I see is the night, with the stars
therein, as they appear through a telescope.
And there cometh a peacock into the
stone, filling the whole Aire. It is like
the vision called the Universal Peacock,
or rather like a representation of that
vision. And now there are countless clouds
of white angels filling the Aire as the
peacock dissolves. And now behind the
angels are arch-angels with trumpets.
And these cause all things to appear at
once, so that there is a tremendous
confusion of images. And now I perceive
that all these things are but veils of the
wheel, for they all gather themselves
into a wheel that spins with incredible
velocity. It hath many colours, but all

filled with white light, so that they are
transparent & luminous. This one wheel
is forty-nine wheels, set at different
angles, so that they compose a sphere;
each wheel has forty-nine spokes, & has
forty-nine concentric lines, at equal distances
from the centre. And whenever the rays
from any two wheels meet, there is a
blinding flash of glory. It must be understood
that though so much detail is visible in
the wheel, yet at the same time the
impression is of a single, simple object.
NP. - And it seems that this wheel is being spun
by a hand. And though the wheel fills
the whole air, yet the hand is much
bigger than the wheel. And though this
vision is so great and splendid, yet there
is no solemnity with it, or solemnity.
It seems that the hand is spinning
the wheel merely for pleasure, - it would
be better to say, amusement. & some
comes: For he is a poet, and a Paddy
god, & his laughter is the vibration of
all that exists, and the earthquake of

thrilled with white light, so that they are transparent & luminous. This one wheel is forty-nine wheels, set at different angles, so that they compose a sphere; each wheel has forty-nine spokes, & has forty-nine concentric tyres at equal distances from the centre. And wherever the rays from any two wheels meet, there is a blinding flash of glory. It must be understood that though so much detail is visible in the wheel, yet at the same time the impression is of a single, simple object. And it seems that this wheel is being spun by a hand. And though the wheel fills the whole Aire, yet the hand is much bigger than the ~~W~~wheel. And though this vision is so great and splendid, yet there is no seriousness with it, or solemnity. It seems that the hand is spinning the wheel merely for pleasure, it would be better to say amusement. A voice comes: For he is a jocund and a ruddy god, & his laughter is the vibration of all that exists, and the earthquakes of

the soul. One is conscious of the whirling
of the wheel thrilling one, like ~~light~~ an
electric discharge passing through one.

Now I see the figures on the
wheel, which have been interpreted as
the Sorrowed Sphinx, ~~Hermaphrodite~~ &
Typhon. And that is wrong. The rim
of the wheel is a vivid emerald
snake; in the centre of the wheel is a
scarlet heart, & impossible to explain
as it is, the scarlet of the heart & the
green of the snake are yet more
vivid than the blinding white brilliancy
of the wheel.

The figures on the wheel are
darker than the wheel itself; in
fact, they are stairs upon the fusibility of
the wheel, & for that reason, & because
of the whirling of the wheel, I cannot
see them. But at the top seems to
be the Lamb & Flag, such as one sees on
some Christian medals, & one of the lower
things is a wolf, & the other a panther.
The Lamb & Flag symbol is much

the soul. One is conscious of the whirring of the wheel thrilling one, like ~~little~~ an electric discharge passing through one.

Now I see the figures on the wheel, which have been interpreted as the sworded Sphinx, Hermanubis & Typhon. And that is wrong. The rim of the wheel is a vivid emerald snake; in the centre of the wheel is a scarlet heart, & , impossible to explain as it is, the scarlet of the heart & the green of the snake are yet more vivid than the blinding white brilliance of the wheel.

The figures on the wheel are darker than the wheel itself; in fact, they are stains upon the purity of the wheel, & for that reason, & because of the whirling of the wheel, I cannot see them. But at the top seems to be the Lamb & Flag, such as one sees on some Christian medals, & one of the lower things is a wolf, and the other a raven. The Lamb & Flag symbol is much

brighter than the other two. It keeps
on growing brighter, until now it is
brighter than the wheel itself, &
occupies more space than it did.
And it speaks: I am the greatest of
the deceivers, for my purity and innocence
shall seduce the pure and innocent,
who but for me should come to the
centre of the wheel. The wolf
betrays only the greedy & the treacherous;
the raven betrays only the melancholy &
the dishonest. But I am he of whom
it is written: He shall deceive the
very elect. For in the beginning the
Father of all called forth Gay
spirits that they might sift the
creatures of the earth in ~~these~~ sieves,
according to the three impure souls.
And he chose the wolf for the lust of
the flesh, & the raven for the lust of the
mind, but he did he choose above
all to simulate the pure promptings
of the soul. Then that are fables
a prey to the wolf & the raven I have

brighter than the other two. It keeps
on growing brighter, until now it is
brighter than the wheel itself, &
occupies more space than it did.
And it speaks: I am the greatest of
the deceivers, for my purity and innocence
shall seduce the pure and innocent,
who but for me should come to the
centre of the wheel. The wolf
betrayeth only the greedy & the treacherous;
the raven betrayeth only the melancholy &
the dishonest. But I am he of whom
it is written: He shall deceive the
very elect. For in the beginning the
Father of all called forth lying
spirits that they might sift the
creatures of the earth in three sieves,
according to the three impure souls.
And he chose the wolf for the lust of
the flesh, & the raven for the lust of the
mind; but me did he choose above
all to simulate the pure prompting
of the soul. Them that are fallen
a prey to the wolf & the raven I have

not scattered, but them that have rejected
me, I have given over to the wrath of
the raven & the wolf. And the jaws
of the one have torn them, & the beak
of the other has consumed the ~~carcass~~ corpse.

Therefore is my flag white, because I
have left nothing upon the earth
alive. I have feasted my self on the
blood of the saints, but I am not
repented of men to be their enemy,
for my fleece is white, & warm, & my
teeth are not the teeth of one that tear
flesh, & mine eyes are mild, & they know
me not the chief of the living spirits
that the Father of all sent forth
from before his face in the beginning.

[His attribution is salt; the wolf
mercury, & the raven sulphur.] Now
the lamb grows small again: then
is again working but the wheel, & the
hand that shineth it. And I said:
"By the word of power, Able is the
voice of the craster; by the word that
is sure, & one is steady, & by the

not scathed; but them that have rejected
me, I have given over to the wrath of
the raven & the wolf. And the jaws
of the one have torn them, & the beak
of the other has devoured the corpse.
Therefore is my flag white, because I
have left nothing upon the earth
alive. I have feasted myself on the
blood of the saints, but I am not
suspected of men to be their enemy,
for my fleece is white & warm, & my
teeth are not the teeth of one that teareth
flesh; & mine eyes are mild, & they know
me not the chief of the lying spirits
that the Father of all sent forth
from before his face in the beginning.
[His attribution is salt; the wolf
mercury, & the raven sulphur.] Now
the lamb grows small again, there
is again nothing but the wheel, & the
hand that whirleth it. And I said:
“By the word of power, double in the
voice of the Master; by the word that
is seven, & one in seven, & by the

great & terrible word 210, I beseech
Thee, O my Lord, to grant me the
vision of Thy glory." And all the
rays of the wheel stream out at me,
& I am blasted & blinded with the
light. I am caught up into the
wheel. I am one with the wheel.
I am greater than the wheel. In
the midst of a myriad lightnings I
stand, & I behold his face. I am
thrown violently back on to the
earth ~~eddy~~ second, so that I can't
quite ~~just~~ concentrate.

All one gets is a
luminous flame of pale gold. But
its radiant force keeps hurrying me
back. And I say: By the word & the
Will; by the command & the prayer,
let me behold Thy face. I can't
explain this; this is confusion of
personalities. I who speak to
you, see what I tell you, but I
also see him, cannot communicate
it to me, also speak to you.

great and terrible word 210, I beseech
thee, O my Lord, to grant me the
vision of thy glory." And all the
rays of the wheel stream out at me,
& I am blasted & blinded with the
light. I am caught up into the
wheel. I am one with the wheel.
I am greater than the wheel. In
the midst of a myriad lightnings I
stand, & I behold his face. I am
thrown violently back on to the
earth every second, so that I can't
~~just~~ quite concentrate.

All one gets is a
liquid flame of pale gold. But
its radiant force keeps hurling me
back. And I say: By the word & the
will, by the penance & the prayer,
let me behold thy face. I can't
explain this, there's confusion of
personalities. I who speak to
you, see what I tell you, but I
who see him, cannot communicate
it to me, who speak to you.

(If we could gaze upon the
sun at noon, that might be like the
substance of him. But the light is
without heat. It is the vision of it
in the Upanishads. And from this vision
have come all the legends of Brahma
and Krishna and Adonis. For the
impression is of a god, dancing &
making music. But you must under-
stand that he is not doing that, for
he is still. Even the hand that
turns the wheel is not his hand,
but only a hand respected by him.
And now it is the dance of Shiva.
He beneath his feet, his saint,
his victim. And his form is the
form of the God Ptah, in my
essence, but the form of the God
Sob in my form. And this is the
reason of existence, that when this
dance which is delight then must
needs be both the god and the
Adopt. Also the earth herself is
a saint, & the sun & the moon

If one could gaze upon the
sun at noon, that might be like the
substance of him. But the light is
without heat. It is the vision of Ut
in the Upanishads. And from this vision
have come all the legends of Bacchus
and Krishna and Adonis. For the
impression is of a youth, dancing &
making music. But you must under-
stand that he is not doing that, for
he is still. Even the hand that
turns the wheel is not his hand,
but only a hand energized by him.
And now it is the dance of Shiva.
I lie beneath his feet, his saint,
his victim. ~~And in~~ My form is the
form of the God Phtah, in my
essence, but the form of the god
Seb in my form. And this is the
reason of existence, that ~~which~~ in this
dance which is delight there must
needs be both the god and the
Adept. Also the earth herself is
a saint, & the sun & the moon

same upon her, for turning her with
delight. This vision is not perfect.
I am only in the outer court of the
vision, because I have undertaken
it in the service of the Holy One,
& must retain sense & speech.

No recorded vision is perfect, of
high vision, for the seer must keep
either his physical organs working
order, or his memory. And neither
is capable. There is no bridge. One
can only be conscious of one thing at
a time, & as the consciousness moves
nearer to the vision, it loses
control of the physical & mental.

Even so, the body & the mind must
be very perfect before anything can
be done, or the energy of the vision
may send the body into spasms, &
the mind into insanity. This is
why the first vision gives amanda,
which is a shock. When the
Adept is attuned to Samadhi,
there is but doubtless peace.

dance upon her, torturing her with
delight. This vision is not perfect.
I am only in the outer court of the
vision, because I have undertaken
it in the service of the Holy One,
& must retain sense & speech.
No recorded vision is perfect, of
high visions, for the seer must keep
either his physical organs in working
order, or his memory. ~~&~~ And neither
is capable. There is no bridge. One
can only be conscious of one thing at
a time, & as the consciousness moves
nearer to the vision, it loses
control of the physical & mental.
Even so, the body & the mind must
be very perfect before any thing can
be done, or the energy of the vision
may send the body into spasms, &
the mind into insanity. This is
why the first visions give ananda,
which is a shock. When the
Adept is attuned to Samadhi,
there is but cloudless peace.

This union is particularly
difficult to get into, because the ego
is being constantly excited, so that
one comes back so often. An
acentric meditation-practice like
mahasattvipathana ought to be
done before invocation of the Holy
Suaśān Aṅgha, so that the ego
may be very ready to yield itself
wholly to the Beloved.

And now the breeze is
blowing about us, like the sighs
of love unsatisfied or satisfied.
His lips move. I cannot say
the words at first. And afterwards,
"Shalt thou not bring the children
of men to the sight of my glory?"
"Only thy silence & thy speech
that worship me avail." For a
little while, so and so the next,
& as the next ^{shall} ~~will~~ thou reveal me
to the multitude. Fear not for
any; turn not ~~aside~~ for any, ^{aside}

This vision is particularly difficult to get into, because He is I. And herefore the human ego is being constantly excited, so that one comes back so often. An acentric meditation-practice like mahasatipatthana ought to be done before invocations of the Holy Guardian Angel, so that the ego may be very ready to yield itself utterly to the ~~h~~Beloved.

And now the breeze is blowing about us, like the sighs of love unsatisfied - or satisfied. His lips move. I cannot say the words at first. And afterwords, "Shalt thou not bring the children of men to the sight of my glory?" "Only thy silence & thy speech that worship me avail." "For as I am the last, so am I the next, & as the next ~~wilt~~ shalt thou reveal me to the multitude.' Fear not for aught; turn not ~~aside~~ aside for aught,

Stewards of Nait, apostle of Hadit,
warrior of Ra Hor Khon. The
leaven taken, & the bread shall
be sweet; the ferment worked, &
the wine shall be sweet. My
sacraments are vigorous food & not
divine madness. Come unto me, O
ye children of men; come unto me,
in whom I am, in whom ye are,
~~for~~ ye were ye only alive with
the life that abideth in light."

All this time I have
been fading away. I sink. The
veil of night comes down, a dull
blue grey, with one festoon in
the midst of it, a tery & fall.
And I ~~was~~ ^{am} to abide there for a
while before I come back to
the earth, [But shut me the
window up: hide me from the
sun. Oh, shut the window.*]

Now the festoon is faded;
~~black~~ black crosses feel the tery,

* It was done.

eremite of Nuit, apostle of Hadit,
warrior of Ra Hoor Khu. The
leaven taketh, & the bread shall
be sweet; the ferment worketh, &
the wine shall be sweet. My
sacraments are vigorous food and
divine madness. Come unto me, O
ye children of men; come unto me,
in whom I am, in whom ye are,
~~for ye~~ were ye only alive with
the life that abideth in Light.”

All this time I have
been fading away. I sink. The
veil of night comes down, a dull
blue grey, with one pentagram in
the midst of it, watery & dull.
And I ~~was~~ am to abide there for a
while before I come back to
the earth. [But shut me the
window up; hide me from the
sun. Oh, shut the window.*]

Now, the pentagram is faded;
~~black,~~ black crosses fill the Æthyr,

* It was done.

gradually growing & interesting.
right there's a network. It's
all dark now. I am lying ex-
-hausted, with the sharp edge of
the show-store cutting into my
forehead.

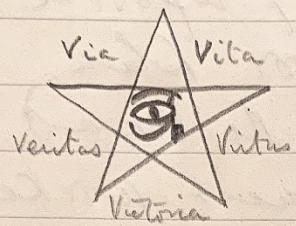
Bon - Saada. Nov: 30, 1909.
9.15 - 10.50, a.m.

gradually growing & interlacing,
until there's a network. It's
all dark now. I am lying ex-
-hausted, with the sharp edge ~~of~~ of
the shew-stone cutting into my
forehead.

Bou-Sâada. Nov: 30, 1909.

9.15-10.50 a.m. .

~~Vi Vita Veritas Victoria~~
~~2 4 9 5 2~~



Via	3
Vita	4
Veritas	7
Victoria	8
Virtus	6
	<u>28</u>

Besides the $\star = \star$ Symbolism

$28 = 1 + 2 + 4 + 7 + 14$
 the perfect Number after
 6. & it is

$0 + 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7$
 Sum of 1st 8 numbers
 $\therefore = 28 = 4 \times 7$

The City of the High Asdyr, which
is called P.O.P.

At first there is a black web over
the face of the stone. And a ray of
light pierces it from behind & above.
Then comes a black cross, reaching
across the whole stone; then a golden
cross, not so large. And there is a writing
in an arch that spans the cross, in an

alphabet in which the letters are all
formed of little ^{daggers, cross-like} crosses, differently
arranged. And the writing is:-

Worship in the body the things of the body;
worship in the mind the things of the mind;
worship in the spirit the things of the spirit.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M

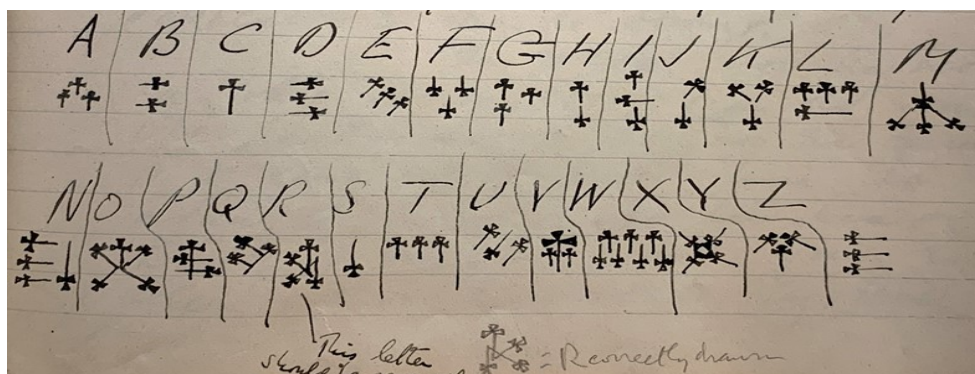
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

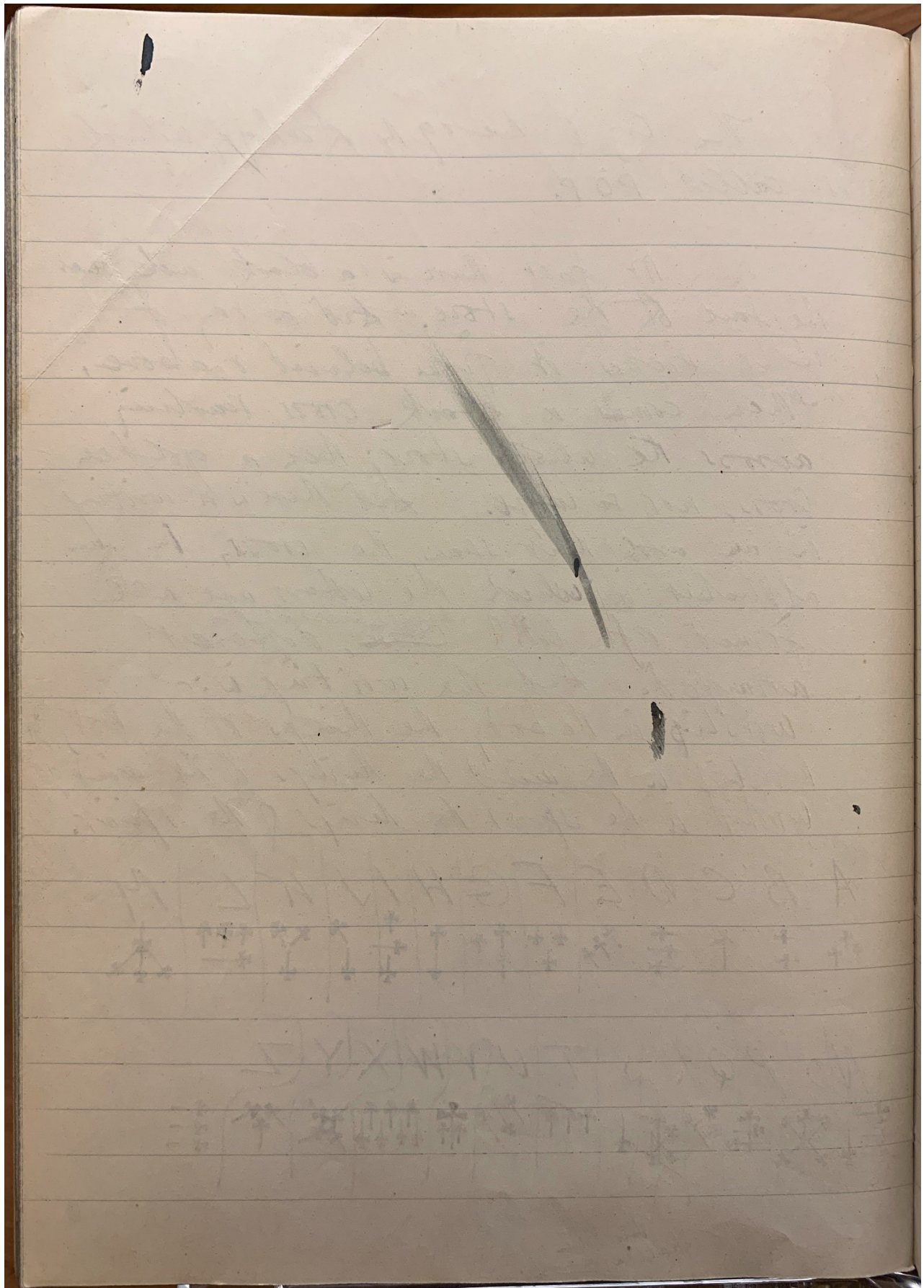
This letter should be reversed. = Correctly drawn



The Cry of the 19th Æthyr, which is called POP.

At first there is a black web over the face of the stone. ~~And a~~ A ray of light pierces it from behind & above. Then comesth a black cross, reaching across the whole stone; then a golden cross, not so large. And there is a writing in an arch that spans the cross, in an alphabet in which the letters are all formed of little ~~crosses~~ daggers, cross-hilted, differently arranged. And the writing is:-
Worship in the body the things of the body;
worship in the mind the things of the mind;
worship in the spirit the things of the spirit.





(This holy alphabet must be
written by sinners, that is, by those who
are impure.) ^{impure}

Impure means those whose
every thought is followed by another
thought, or who confuse the higher with
the lower; the substance with the shadow.

Every letter is truth, though it be but
a shadow, for the shadow of a man is
not the shadow of an ape.

^{note-}
(All this has come to me
without voice, without vision, without
thought.)

The show-store is passed upon
my forehead, & causes intense pain; as I go
on from letter to letter, it seems more
difficult to open the letter.

The golden cross has become
a little narrow door, & an old man
like the hermit of the Tao has opened
it & come out. I ask him for
admission, & he shakes his head
kindly, & says: It is not given to
flesh & blood to unveil the mysteries

(This holy alphabet must be written by sinners, that is, by those who are impure.) ~~Impure~~

‘Impure’ means those whose every thought is followed by another thought, or who confuse the higher with the lower, the substance with the shadow. Every Æthyr is truth, though it be but a shadow, for the shadow of a man is not the shadow of an ape.

(Note:- All this has come to me without voice, without vision, without thought.)

The shew-stone is pressed upon my forehead & causes intense pain; as I go on from Æthyr to Æthyr, it seems more difficult to open the Æthyr.

The golden cross has become a little narrow door, & an old man like the Hermit of the Taro has opened it & come out. I ask him for admission: & he shakes his head kindly, & says: It is not given to flesh & blood to unveil the mysteries

of the Selyr, for these are the chariots
of fire, & the tumult of the horsemen,
whose entrance here may never look or
live again with equal eyes. I insist.
The little gate is guarded by a great
green dragon, & now the whole wall is
suddenly fallen away; there is a
blaze of the chariots & the horsemen;
a furious battle is raging. One hears
nothing but the clank of steel, & the
sighing of the chargers, & the shrieks
of the wounded. A thousand fall at
every encounter, & are trampled
underfoot. For the Selyr is always
full; there are infinite reserves. ~~to~~
No; that is all wrong,
for this is not a battle between two
forces, but a mêlée in which each
warrior fights for himself against
all the others. I cannot see one
who has ever one ally. And the
least fortunate, who fall soonest, are
those in the chariots. For as soon as
they are engaged in fighting, their own

of the Æthyr, for therein are the chariots
of fire, & the tumult of the horsemen,
whoso entereth here may never look on
life again with equal eyes. I insist.
The little gate is guarded by a great
green dragon, & now the whole wall is
suddenly fallen away; there is a
blaze of the chariots & the horsemen;
a furious battle is raging. One hears
nothing but the clash of steel, & the
neighing of the chargers, & the shrieks
of the wounded. A thousand fall at
every encounter, & are trampled
under foot. Yet the Æthyr is always
full; there are infinite reserves. ~~No~~

No; that is all wrong,
for this is not a battle between two
forces, but a *mélée* in which each
warrior fights for himself against
all ~~the~~ others. I cannot see one
who has even one ally. And the
least fortunate, who fall soonest, are
those in the chariots. For as soon as
they are engaged in fighting, their own

chariotter, stab them in the back.

And in the midst of the battle-field there is a great tree, like a Chinthee-tree. For it bears fruits, & now all the warriors are dead, and they are the ripe fruits that are fallen. The ground is covered with them. For

There is a ^{large} ~~large~~ ^{right} in appearance: this is the tree of life.

And now there is a mighty god, Subak, with the head of a crocodile. His head is grey, like rick-mad, & his jaws fill the whole river. And he crunched the whole tree, & ^{the} ground, & everything.

Now then at last comes from the Ayul of the Achyt, who is like the Ayul of the fourteen day of Peta, with beautiful blue wings, blue robes, the sun in her girdle, like a brood. And the two descend the moon slayer into sandals for her feet. Her hair of flowing red,

charioteers stab them in the back.

And in the midst of the
battle-field there is a great tree,
like a chinar-tree. Yet it bears
fruits. And now all the warriors are dead,
& they are the ripe fruits that are
fallen. The ground is covered with
them. ~~The~~

There is a ~~laugh~~ laugh in my right ear:
This is the tree of life.

And now there is a mighty
god, Sebek, with the head of a
crocodile. His head is gray, like
river-mud, & his jaws fill the
whole Aire. And he crunches up the
whole tree, & the ground & everything.

Now then at last comes
forth the Angel of the Æthyr, who
is like the Angel of the fourteenth
Key of Rota, with beautiful blue
wings, blue robes, the sun in her girdle
like a brooch. And the two crescents
of the moon shapen into sandals for
her feet. Her hair is of flowing gold,

lack sparkle as a star. In her hands
the torch of Penelope & the cup of
Circe. She comes & kisses me on the
mouth, & says: blessed art thou who
hast beheld Sobek my lord in his
glory. Many are the champions of life,
but all are unhorsed by the lance
of death. Many are the children of
the light, but their eyes shall all
be put out by the mother, darkness.
Many are the servants of love, but love
that is not quenched by aught but love
shall be put out, as a child takes
the work of a taper between his thumb
& finger, by the god that sitteth alone.

And on her mouth, like a
chrysanthemum of radiant light, is a
kiss, & on it is the monogram I. H. S.
The I. H. S. mean in Hominis
Salutem, and Victor Hominis Summus,
and Icaro Hominis ~~for~~ ^{deep. dense. eq.} ~~was meaning~~ ^{for}.
And there are many, many other meanings,
but they all imply this one thing, that
nothing is of any importance but man;

each sparkle as a star. In her hands
 are the torch of Penelope & the cup of
 Circe. She comes & kisses me on the
 mouth, & says: Blessed art thou who
 hast beheld Sebek my Lord in his
 glory. Many are the champions of life,
 but all are unhorsed by the lance
 of death. Many are the children of
 the light, but their eyes shall all
 be put out by the Mother, Darkness.
 Many are the servants of love, but love
 that is not quenched by aught but love
 shall be put out, as the child taketh
 the wick of a taper between his thumb
 & finger, by the god that sitteth alone.

And on her mouth, like a
 chrysanthemum of radiant light, is a
 kiss, & on it is the monogram I.H.S.
 The letters I.H.S. mean In Homini ~~ni~~
 Salu~~uti~~us and Instar Hominis Summus,
 and Imago Hominis [~~for man among God~~]. ~~Deus~~. deus.
 And there are many, many other meanings,
 but they all imply this one thing, that
 nothing is of any importance but man;

there is no hope or help but in me.

And she says: Sweet
are my kisses, O my fader, that wander
-et from star to star. Sweet are my
kisses, O householder, that wander
within four walls. Those art pent
within my brain, & my shaft pierces
it, & those art ~~free~~ free. Mine
imagination eateth up the universe
as the dragon that eateth up the moon.
And in my shaft, is it concentrated,
& bound up. See how all around
I see gather my warriors, strong knights
in gaily armour, ready for war.
Look upon my crown; it is above the
stars. Behold the glow & the blush ^{thereof!}
Upon my cheek is the breeze that stirs
those plumes of truth, for though
I am the Angel of the fourteenth
Key, I am also the Angel of the
eighth Key. And the love of ~~the~~ these
two have I come, who am the
warden of **Popé**, & the servant of
them that dwell therein. Though

there is no hope or help but in man.

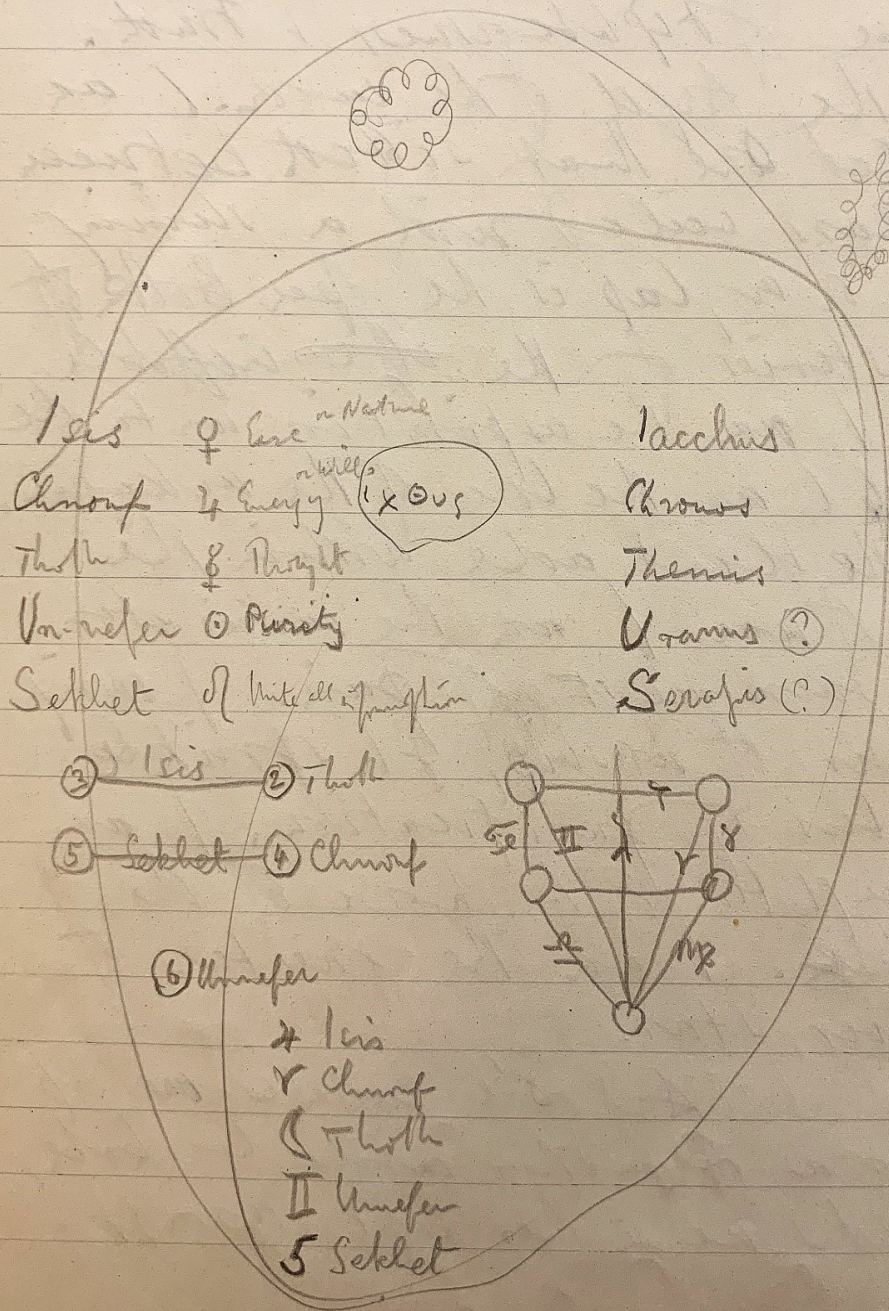
And she says: Sweet
are my kisses, O wayfarer, that wander-
-est from star to star. Sweet are my
kisses, O householder that weariest
within four walls. Thou art pent
within thy brain, & my shaft pierceth
it, & thou art ~~Free~~ free. Thine
imagination eateth up the universe
as the dragon that eateth up the moon.
And in my shaft is it concentrated,
& bound up. See how all around
thee gather my warriors, strong knights
in goodly armour, ready for war.
Look upon my crown; it is above the
stars. Behold the glow & the blush ~~thereof~~!
Upon thy cheek is the breeze that stirs
those plumes of truth. For though
I am the Angel of the fourteenth
Key, I am also the Angel of the
eighth Key. And from the love of ~~the~~ these
two have I come, who am the
warden of ~~R~~Popé & the servant of
them that dwell therein. Though

all crown fall, mine shall not
fall, for my flames reach up
unto the knee of Him that sitteth
upon the holy throne, & liveth &
reigneth for ever & ever as the
balance of righteousness & truth.
I am the Angel of the morning I am
the veiled One that sitteth between
the pillars veiled with a shining
veil, & on my lap is the open Book of
the mysteries of the ~~eff~~ ineffable
light. I am the aspiration unto the
higher, & I am the love of the unknown.
I am the blent ache within the
heart of man. I am the minister
of the sacrament of pain. I sow
the seeds of worship, & I sprinkle
the waters of purification. I am
the daughter of the house of the
invisible. I am the priestess of
the silver star.

And she catches me up
to her as a mother catches her babe,
& holds me in her left arm, &

all crowns fall, mine shall not
fall, for my plumes reach up
unto the Knees of Him that sitteth
upon the holy throne, & liveth &
reigneth for ever & ever as the
balance of righteousness & truth.
I am the Angel of the moon. I am
the veiled one that sitteth between
the pillars veiled with a shining
veil, & on my lap is the open Book of
the mysteries of the ~~effe~~ ineffable
light. I am the aspiration unto the
higher. I am the love of the unknown.
I am the blind ache within the
heart of man. I am the minister
of the sacrament of pain. I swing
the censer of worship, & I sprinkle
the waters of purification. I am
the daughter of the house of the
invisible. I am the Priestess of
the Silver Star.

And she catches me up
to her as a mother catches her babe,
& holds me up in her left arm, &



sets my lips to her breast. And upon
her breast is written: Rosa Mundi
est Liliū Caeli, (written over her
breast.)

And I look down upon the
open book of the mysteries, & it is
open at the page or altar is the
high table with the twelve squares
in the midst. It radiates a blaze
of light, too dazzling to make out
the characters, & ~~the~~ voice says:
Non habet finem.

[To interpret that, we
must think of Ixθus, which does
not conceal Jesus Christos Theos
uios Sabaoth, as traditional
as a serpent, but is a mystery of the
later work & the letter of the
may be seen by adding it up.

Ixθus is only connected
with Christianity because it was
a ^{strongly} ~~left~~ of Syphilis, which the
Romans supposed to have been
brought from Syria, & it seems

sets my lips to her breast. And upon her breast is written: Rosa Mundi est Liliū Cæli, (written over her breast.)

And I look down upon the open Book of the mysteries, & it is open at the page on which is the Holy table with the twelve squares in the midst. It radiates a blaze of light, too dazzling to make out the characters, & ~~the~~ a voice says: Non haec piscis omnium.

[To interpret that, we must think of Ιχθυς, which does not conceal Iesus Christos Theou υιος Soter, as traditionally asserted, but is a mystery of the letter Nun & the letter Qoph, as may be seen by adding it up.

Ιχθυς is only connected with Christianity because it was a ~~sign~~ hieroglyph of syphilis, which the Romans supposed to have been brought from Syria, & it seems

to have been connected with
leprosy, which also they thought
was caused by fish-eating.]
[X for ^{the} important meaning of
the initials of ~~fine~~
Egyptian deities, & also of fine
Greek deities, in both cases a
magic formula of beneficent power
is concealed. As to the holy table
itself, I cannot see it for the blaze
of light, but I am given to understand
that it appears in another setting,
of which it forms practically the
whole context. And I am bidden
to study the holy table very intently,
so as to be able to concentrate on
it when it appears.

So that I am as great as the Angel.
And we are standing as if crucified
face to face, our heads & lips &
breasts & knees & feet together, &
her eye fixed into my eye like
whirling shafts of steel, so that I

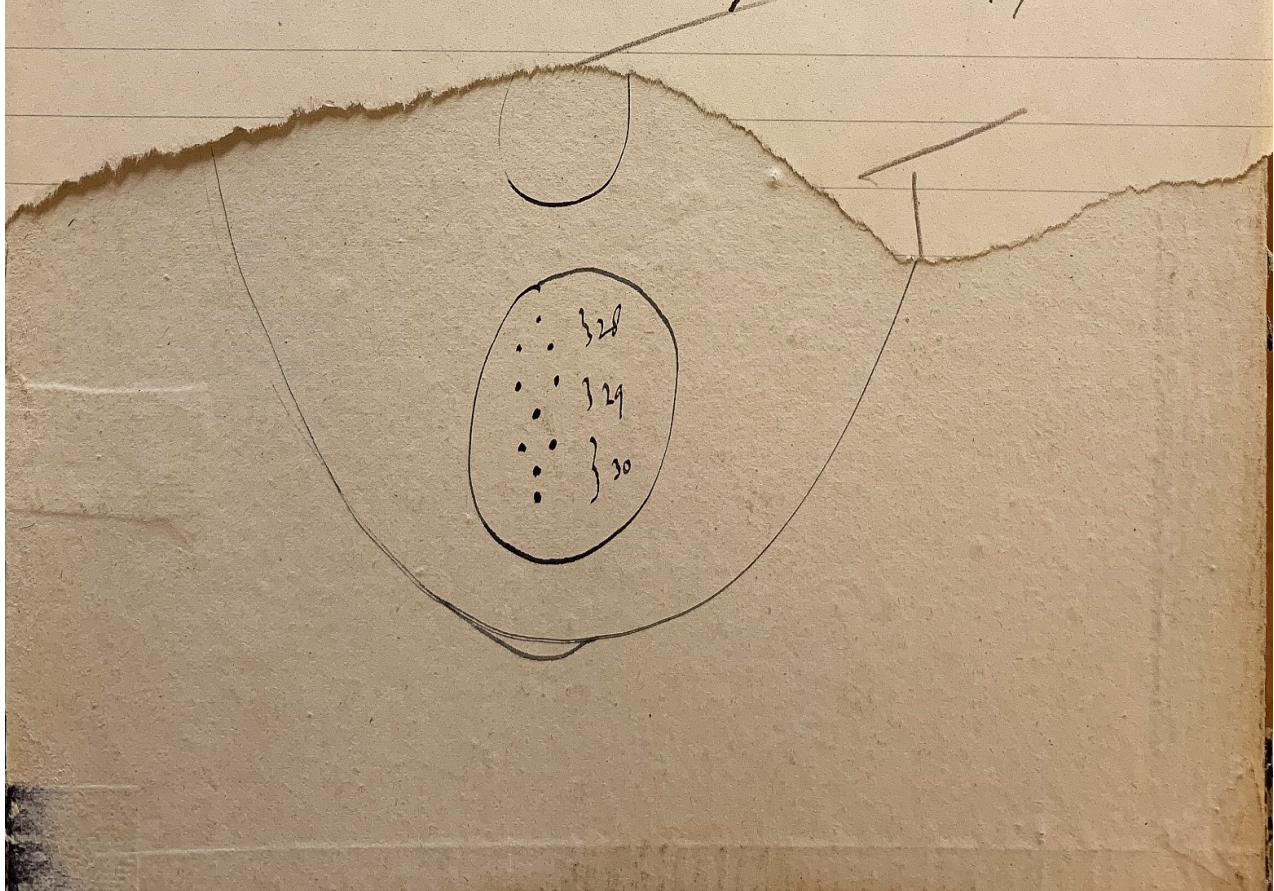
to have been confounded with
leprosy, which also they thought
was caused by fish-eating.]

One important meaning of
Ιχθυς: it is formed of the initials of five ~~egy~~
Egyptian deities, & also of five
Greek deities, in both cases a
magic formula of tremendous power
is concealed. As to the holy table
itself, I cannot see it for the blaze
of light, but I am given to understand
that it appears in another Æthyr,
of which it forms practically the
whole contents. And I am bidden
to study the holy Table very intently,
so as to be able to concentrate on
it when it appears.

I have grown greater,
so that I am as great as the Angel.
And we are standing, as if crucified
face to face, our hands & lips &
breasts & knees & feet together, &
her eyes pierce into my eyes like
whirling shafts of steel, so that I

fall backwards head long through
the Aekyr, there is a sad fate &
prevention short, absolutely stunning,
cold & brutal: 'Osiris was a black
god.' And the Aekyr claps its
hands, greater than the feel of a
thousand mighty thunders.
I am back.

Box - Saata. NW: 30, 1901.
~~10-12, p.m.~~
10 ~~9.45~~ - 11.45, p.m.



fall backwards headlong through
the Æthyr, & there is a sudden &
tremendous shout, absolutely stunning,
cold & brutal: 'Osiris was a black
god!' And the Æthyr claps its
hands, greater than the peal of a
thousand mighty thunders.

I am back.

BOU-SAADA. Nov: 30, 1909

~~10-12, p.m.~~

10 ~~9.45~~ -11.45 p.m. .

